

THE
CONFEDERATE MONITOR

AND

PATRIOT'S FRIEND.

CONTAINING NUMEROUS IMPORTANT AND USEFUL EVENTS
OF THE PRESENT REBELLION.

TOGETHER WITH SEVERAL

INTERESTING HISTORY OF THE CONFEDERACY.

JACKSON CITY, TENN.

H. W. R. JACKSON

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States,

FOR THE AUTHOR.

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ERRATA.

ON THIRD PAGE: "It is said that the war has visited us so long," &c., should read *sad*.

ON NINTH PAGE: "When up started from the *crown*," &c., should read *crowd*.

ON FIFTEENTH PAGE: "We of the South have been over credulous as to the *mora* effect," &c., should read *moral*.

ON TITLE PAGE: Copy-right secured in *South Carolina*, instead of *Georgia*.

CONFEDERATE MONITOR

A N D

PATRIOT'S FRIEND.

Containing sketches of numerous important and thrilling events
of the present Revolution, together with several in-
teresting chapters of history concerning

GEN. STONEWALL JACKSON, GEN. MORGAN,

AND OTHER

Great men of a new Nation
Her armor and salvation.

An infant nation is born to the world,
An infant in age; in form, a giant strong,
Does forth to battle with a nation old,
To free itself from oppression and wrong.

The tyrant now republic though 'tas been,
Came forward with might this infant to crush,
Whose armor's wielded with hopes virtuous sheen,
Check'd the monster with an impetuous rush.

Its arm, though young, is nerved for the strife;
Its virtue and strength nature's God hath given,
With terrible carnage, regardless of life,
The Despot from its borders has driven.

By H. W. R. JACKSON.
AIKEN SOUTH CAROLINA.

Entered, according to Act of Congress of Confederate States, in the year 1862, by
H. W. R. JACKSON,
In the Clerk's Office of the Northern District of Georgia, in Atlanta.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA:
Franklin Steam Printing House,
J. J. TOON & CO.
1862.

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BOARD OF EXEMPTIONS,

BARNWELL DISTRICT, March, 1862.

H. W. R. Jackson, of Aiken Beat Company, 11th Regiment South Carolina Militia, in consequence of deformity of left leg, on account of fracture, is declared incapable of military duty, and is hereby exempted from conscription.

T. J. COUNTS, *Chairman.*

J. J. O'BANNON, *Sec'y.*

Being an invalid; I have given my entire attention to the publication of several works since the commencement of our Revolution, having a bearing upon our national cause, hoping thereby to render good service to the Confederacy.

H. W. R. JACKSON,

Aiken, South Carolina.

462605

PREFACE.

For a Preface to correspond with the title of this work, I could think of no subject more appropriate to arouse increased ardor and patriotic devotion to the cause of the Confederacy, than to produce the following extracts which will be held in cherished remembrance by a devoted people, inasmuch as the crowned heads of Europe are extending to us the meed of praise so nobly won by an unparalleled and self-sacrificing devotion of our Generals and Soldiers upon many well fought fields of battle, where a thousand victories have perched upon our banners. H. W. R. J.

THE PRAISES WE HAVE WON---OUR DUTY NOW.

It is said that the war has visited us so long; but it is pleasant to receive the encomiums and the applause which have been elicited by the skill and courage of our generals and soldiers, and the wisdom of our rulers. The world is praising us! We have nothing to do but to persevere, and we shall not only establish our security, but we shall hold a proud name among the nations, and command a respect which, perhaps, will save us many future wars.

The following is from the London "Times" of the 16th September:

"The people of the Confederate States have made themselves famous. If the renown of *brilliant courage, stern devotion to a cause, and military achievements almost without parallel*, can compensate men for the toil and privations of the hour, then the countrymen of Lee and Jackson may be consoled amid their sufferings: *From all parts of Europe, from their enemies as well as their friends, from those who condemn their acts as well as those who sympathize with them, comes the tribute of admiration.* When the history of this war is written, the admiration will doubtless become deeper and stronger, for the veil which has covered the South will be drawn away, and disclose a picture of patriotism, of unanimous self-sacrifice, of wise and firm administration, which now we can only see indistinctly. The details of that

extraordinary national effort which has led to the repulse and almost to the destruction of an invading force of more than half a million men, will then become known to the world, and, whatever may be the fate of the new nationality, or its subsequent claims to the respect of mankind, it will assuredly begin its career with a reputation for *genius and valor* *which the most famous nations may envy.* Within a period of eighteen months a scattered population, hitherto living exclusively by agriculture, and accustomed to trust for every product of art and manufacture to the North, has been turned into a self-sufficing State, able to raise an immense army, and conduct what is now an offensive war."

The Liverpool Courier of the 16th says:

"The Confederates have won the admiration of the civilized nations for their constancy, fortitude, endurance and bravery. They have managed to create resources when shut out from the commerce of the earth; they have beaten an insolent and bullying people three times their number."

The Manchester "Guardian" says:

"The South, both by their military qualities in the field, and by their statesmanship in the council, have clearly established their title to a separate nationality, and the sooner that title is recognized by the North, the less cause will the latter have for subsequent regret."

They have given a complete answer to all those persons who doubted whether they could cope successfully with the superior resources of the North."

In connection with these tributes of admiration and compliment, there is an earnest call for our recognition. The Paris "Constitutionel" says:

"From the point of view of European interests, should the present situation be prolonged? We think not. *The separate existence of the Confederate States is a fact as well as a necessity:* the impossibility of reducing them is demonstrated. Can Europe wait any longer before recognizing them? Will she require that they shall have Washington? That will be asking of them what was not asked of the Greeks, the Belgians, or the Italians. It sufficed for the recognition of the independence of these people, that they were masters of Athens, Brussels and Milan. We did not wait until they had taken Constantinople, the Hague, and Vienna. They had driven away the enemy. That was enough."

The Liverpool "Chronicle" says :

"Three invasions have been baffled or repelled, three invading armies have been shattered, both separately and together. *What do we wait for, and what do we require?*—Gunboats, indeed, may steal up rivers and fire commercial towns; but the spiteful vengeance of a malignant enemy is not to be a bar to justice. The siege of Washington places the Confederates in a position *to demand their recognition*.—*They are no longer on the defensive, but the assailants.*"

It is a pleasing privilege thus to publish to our brave soldiers and to our rulers and statesmen, the praises they have won even in distant lands. That fame is large which thus fills the world ! Oh, how it will glow on the page of history ! Nothing is requisite to crown it with everlasting glory but the continued display of wise councils and the patient endurance of privations and hardships for a little longer ! Those who love to praise the noble and the courageous, would almost weep tears of blood if in the least we should falter now, when a thousand signs tell us our cause is won !

A whaler, when he drives in his harpoon, watches to see the effect. If the huge fish spout blood, then he knows that he has touched "*his life*," and that his prize is secure. We are encouraged now by the equivalent signs on the part of our enemy.

The time was when a defeat would but arouse his fury and redouble his energies. Time was when, if we destroyed ten thousand of his men, he would swiftly replace them by ten times ten thousand. The dart stung him, but had not then touched his vitals. It merely enraged him.

That time is past. The monster now spouts blood ! Defeat now disheartens and intimidates and weakens our enemy. His money-changers have taken the alarm. New soldiers are hard to bring forward. It requires a draft now, and he orders the draft but is afraid to execute it. His people are divided and distracted. Again we say the whale is spouting blood. Europe sees it, and daily declares it. We see it, and know it. Renew then your zeal and courage, citizens and soldiers of the Confederacy ! Plan with your utmost wisdom, ye statesmen and rulers ! Display all your skill and daring, ye Generals, and all your heroism and endurance, ye fame-crowned soldiers ! And let those whose duties are at home, the wives, whose husbands are in the war, and the

maidens, whose brothers and lovers are fighting for them ; the aged fathers and mothers, who wait to hear the footstep of their son ; let them all still manifest that noble fortitude and patriotism which have made them the boast of their country, and the pride and inspiration of the soldiers. Let them still encourage the soldier's zeal by their kindnesses and their smiles and their praises. The end of our troubles approaches, and the result is sure, for the whale is spouting blood !—*Richmond Enquirer, Oct. 7th, 1862.*

A REMARKABLE VISION.

We are in the midst of a revolution unparalleled in the histories of nations, and in times like the present, our surest and best monitor for the future must be derived from the indisputable facts and incidences of past and daily occurring events.

We can draw inferences and arrive at conclusions by the observation of the falling of a leaf which has served its time to the parent stem that bore it, when it returns to a state of decomposition, or becomes food and nourishment to sustain animal life.

We may arrive at an indefinite, yet somewhat satisfactory, conclusion as to the immensity of the power and will of God, when we direct our minds with a sober and reflective tendency to the delicate and helpless condition of an infant, the most tender of all matter possessing the germ of life.— When we compare the depth of mind and the qualities of the soul of man with the dull instinct of the animal, we can not but admit the eternally predominating and infinite will of an everlasting God, the ruler and guardian of all human events—the dispenser alike of good and evil. What to us appeareth as evil may be to him all good. What to us appears conflicting and discordant, may be to him one harmonious whole.

Man, though possessing the will and energy to follow his own inclination, has frequently to consult with a monitor

from within rebuking his insubordination, in some instances resulting in disease or injury.

Man is a subordinate being to an invisible power. When the body in fatigue and exhaustion is occupied with refreshing slumber and repose, the mind still is engaged in spiritual exercises and occasional aerial flights, traveling with lightning rapidity.

We claim that the mind of man in modern as well as in ancient times is capable of revelation and interpreting future events. *All* the requisites thereto are, faith in God and obedience to His will.

In the year of 1860, during my stay in the West Indies, "being an invalid, and having visited the Islands for my health," I came in contact with some rampant abolitionists, who, knowing me to be a Southern man, frequently questioned me as to what I thought would be the general feeling and probable action of the Southern people in the event of the election of an abolition candidate for President. My answer invariably was, that the South would not submit to the dictation of a fanatical and sectional party, but that revolution and war would be the order of the day, rather than bow to the behests and subverting principles of a Puritanical and abolition faction.

When I received the intelligence of the disruption of the Democratic Convention at Charleston, I was at the store of Cutts & Cooper in San Domingo, where I had gone to meet the Captain of the Bird of the Wave, a merchant vessel from New York that brought me regular files of papers each trip.

It was there and then that I heard loud and jubilant demonstrations as to the probable triumph of the Republican party, as Capt. Cutts termed it.

"And *then*," said he, "we will legislate slavery out of all the Southern States."

When I remarked,—

"Let your abolition party triumph, *Sir*. *Then* South Carolina will lead off by secession, and the balance of the Southern States will follow."

"Bah!" ejaculated Capt. Cutts, "that little State of South Carolina can be whipped back into the Union without much trouble."

"While you attempt to do that, *Sir*," said I, "all the Southern States will come to her assistance, and then we'll have a tug of *war*, *Sir*."

"Yes," said Capt. C., "but our Republican party will have a man of the stamp of old Hickory, who will be too smart for you Southern *fire-eaters*. South Carolina intended to secede in 1832, but old Hickory was about to bring her back into the Union by force, when she dropped her secession notions like a hot potato, finding Jackson in earnest."

"I'm astonished at you, Captain Cutts," said I, "that you should seemingly appear to be so greatly misinformed upon that subject. I know something about the stand South Carolina took at that time. She nobly acted her part. She proclaimed her purpose and demanded her rights, and will do it again if necessity requires. She defied Andrew Jackson and his Cabinet, and persisted in the nullification of the tariff act, (which was a measure sectional in its bearings and emoluments,) until she finally triumphed in bringing old Hickory and his Cabinet to terms of modification, consequently she did not then secede, because she got what she asked for."

"Well, *Sir*, I wish the whole State of South Carolina were sunk forty fathoms below the surface of the sea."

"Your imprecations, *Sir*," said I, "are of no avail. As for our contention, it will benefit neither you nor I."

Bidding him good morning, I started home to read my papers. That night occurred to me a vision in a dream of being in Charleston. Looking down the bay, I beheld almost innumerable fleet of steam and sailing vessels of every size, from the largest down to the smallest.

On shore, every thing was hurry and bustle, preparing for defence against the hostile fleet. I met some of my

friends in what seemed to me a barracks, uniformed, armed and equipped for the strife that was apparently soon to commence, when I remarked to them, "Gentlemen, if I were not a cripple, you may rest assured I would be one of your number."

"We know that," was the spontaneous reply of a number of them, "but you can act your part at home in a different capacity."

When up started from the crown a brother soldier of mine, Jules Dreux, (a brother of Lieut. Col. Dreux, who was killed by the enemy at Newport News, Va., on the 4th of July, 1861. Both brothers and I were brother soldiers in the same company before I was injured.) Grasping me by the hand, saying, "Hallow, Jackson, old fellow, I'm glad to see you. I wish you *could* be one of us."

"God bless you, I wish so too," was my rejoinder.

When he gave me so hearty a shake of the hand, that I woke from my dream, and found it was not a reality. But it was to me food for reflection. Next morning, I related my dream to an old friend, Mr. Marsiac, and others, stating it as my firm belief that we would have war, and remarked at the same time, that if I were a millionaire, I would invest my capital in building vessels of war, as a precautionary and preparatory measure to meet a hostile fleet, if need be.

Several months subsequent, I left the West Indies and arrived at home, being then about a month previous to the election of Lincoln.

In December, 1860, I went to Texas to travel during the winter on business, when in February, 1861, occurred to me another dream equally as significant as the one related in the foregoing, but more interesting as to our future.

I experienced successive and violent shocks of an earthquake, which caused me to turn and look about me, finding myself upon the heights in Virginia in the vicinity of Washington, when, looking about me,

an impassable gulf of great extent from East toward the West, which appeared to have been the result of said violent shocks of earth-quake; finding myself upon the South side of said gulf, and looking in a Southerly direction in view of some of the most beautifully green islands and bright, silvery lakes, affording one of the most rare and delightful prospects for contemplation.

I was delighted with the beautiful scenery in the far-off distance to the South, when presently I heard a distant sound and rumbling noise, and in an instant more experienced the most violent shock, followed by another and another in quick succession, which caused the earth to heave and swing to and fro, nearly depriving me of my footing,

The hills appeared to be in motion like the waves of the sea. The most violent shock appeared to be in the direction of Maryland. Looking off in that direction, I saw devastation and ruin on both sides of the impassable gulf.

The rolling, rumbling sound of the earth-quake was last heard in a northerly direction. It also appeared to me that I was summoned to go upon an important mission, and starting on the way, I remembered to have left a navy-size revolver, which I was to have carried. I hastened back to get it, when I awoke, and behold it was a dream. But how real and how natural it did appear! The incidences connected therewith were so distinctly and vividly impressed upon my mind, that I shall never forget them.

Next morning I related the dream to Dr. Patton and his family. I told them that we would be engaged in a vast and extensive war; that the most desolating part of the strife would be on Virginia soil; that portion of the States of Virginia and Maryland would be devastated and laid waste by the encampments and marching of large armies over them. Dr. Patton asked me if I really believed what I said. My answer was, that I certainly did believe it, as I could not interpret my dream in any other way. This occurred in the city of Goliad, County of Goliad, and State of Texas., in the house of Dr. Patton, resident practitioner in said place.

I remarked to the Doctor and his family, The last of the rolling, rumbling sound of the earth-quake I heard to the North indicates that we will beat them at their own game—carry the war into their own country and force them to peace; they will be glad to let us go before we are done with them.

H. W. R. J.

PHENOMENON--SWORD IN THE HEAVENS.

We have recently seen the sign of the sword in the heavens pointing to the north-east, towards the region of abolition fanaticism, where originated all the causes of the present revolution—the election of a sectional man to the office of Chief Magistrate over a people differing in interests as day differs from night. Though credulous as we of the South have been, we could readily discern the culminating point the sectional and abolition dogmas of puritanical factions were leading us to. We took the necessary steps for a separation from that portion of States which seemed willing to adhere and conform to a policy inimical to the Constitutional rights of the States and Territories of the South—a policy inaugurated by the promulgation of Puritanical and abolition principles, and entrusted by a sectional party to the hands of an uncouth and unprincipled political knave, uneducated save in knavery and buffoonery, who has already proven himself capable only of the destruction of the civil and religious liberties of a people.

We adhered to the rights of States as to the rights of individuals. We asked for a line of separation, and held out the olive branch of peace by sending Commissioners for the negotiations of a treaty. Said Commissioners were, however, disregarded with respect to their position and political bearing. In the meantime, a perfidious policy was being actively enforced for the provisioning and reinforcement of Fort Sumpter, which, happily, was prevented by the timely development of the treasonable proceedings, which made it necessary on our part to take timely action for the dislodge-

ment of the menials of tyranny who were possessed with the delusion of having securely placed themselves within the walls of Fort Sumpter. We disposed of said menials according to the rules of justice and laws of war.

A proclamation was then issued by Lincoln calling out seventy-five thousand men to suppress the popular will of the people of seven States who rose up as a man to adopt their own form of Government and to support a separate national existence. This call for seventy-five thousand men was the cause of the secession of six other additional States, supporting the movement of the seven who had previously seceded, by their almost unanimous and simultaneous withdrawal from the old Union, which has given us thirteen States for the inauguration of the Government of the Southern Confederacy, being a singular coincidence with the formation of the Government of the old United States. Yet, notwithstanding the popular movement and earnest demonstration of the Southern people, it was not sufficient warning to the vile and arrogant factions of the North to desist from a war of attempted conquest and subjugation—a war which, from its source and means of origin, makes it the most unhallowed in the eyes of God and civilized nations of all conflicts in ancient or modern times, more particularly so, being waged by a people who but recently laid claim to the enlightenment and conversion of the heathens of barbarous nations to civilization and Christianity.

But behold how deep they have plunged themselves into an interminable gulf and vortex of ruin by the attempted enslavement of a people vastly and infinitely their superior in political, religious and social positions—aye, in all the attributes of man.

In the hour of triumph and in the pride of its political position, it disregarded every principle of individual right by the encouragement and exclusive adherence to their own perverted and sectional views, thereby severing the bonds of

union, and breaking the cords of commercial and social interest which bound the two sections of people together. We are henceforth *two people*, perpetually and forever, particularly so with regard to the Puritan race, which is principally located North of Maryland and East of the Alleghany Mountains. With the people of the Western States we have been intimately associated, in consequence of the inevitable course of trade which traversed the natural outlets and highways of commerce, (the Mississippi and its tributaries,) which links the west to the South indissolubly, in a Geographical and Commercial point of view.

With regard to our present struggle and revolution, the people of the West have been greatly misled by a blind and mistaken policy—forced upon them by the most perfidious misrepresentations of the Puritan faction—as to their national existence, and support of a flag which, being by them regarded with national pride and devotion, has caused them to engage in a devastating and ruinous war, which, to their sorrow, they now begin to see is depriving them of every vestige of individual right, of civil and religious liberty, and of national existence as a Republican people. The short space of a year and a half has been sufficiently long for the development of schemes of despotism, tyranny, and oppression, to fix a power and establish a monarch's crown. Where is the reflective and sane mind that will not admit the impossibility of the subjugation of the people of the South? Then why the continuation of the war upon largely increased and multiplied proportions, but for the effectual and perpetual consolidation of the powers of Government for the binding of the agricultural West to the East? The struggle was commenced for Empire, but the Puritan's lust of power and his abuse of the laws of nature, have precipitated a mass of corruption from an eminence, which, sweeping down the declivity of time, has collected in its course all the superfluous and waste matter within its reach, until it formed a body of large proportions in outward appearance, but entirely devoid of wisdom and statesmanship for the guidance of the reins of

the Government and the fostering care of national wealth, are precipitating themselves into a vortex of ruin. The war still continues for Empire no less now than at its commencement, for now they see that the South to them is irretrievably lost. But the struggle is prolonged with a policy and motives of deception—directed against the South, but really intended for the West. The latter's hosts are being marshaled and pressed into service preparatory to the proclamation of Empire binding the West to the East, which is the only hope of national life the Puritan faction of the East now possess. Men of the West, will ye not take warning, and cast your eyes about to secure to yourselves a harbor of safety? Get yourselves out of reach of the avalanche of corruption now sweeping headlong to destruction. The shackles of despotism are being prepared for you by the usurper who tramples upon all virtues and laws, both human and divine. There is yet remaining a season in which, if you will, you may act and shake off the shackles of bondage before they become riveted. Methinks I see the signs of the times approaching when the Western people will, with Herculean strength, shake off the yoke of bondage and look to their own interests, which, commercially, they find in the South. The result must inevitably be a separate national existence, independent of, and free from, all the Puritan and abolition dogmas of the East, and form a commercial and political alliance with the Southern Confederacy—her natural ally in geographical position, in commerce, and in navigation.

The Western people have been rather over-zealous in the support of a detestable flag which has become an emblem of perfidy, disgrace and shame. They have been misled and deceived by false pretensions and misrepresentations as to the real design and object of the war. But now the mask is thrown aside. The Puritanical and abolition policy is openly avowed and boldly proclaimed to the world—to rob, murder and outrage all the citizens of the Southern Confederacy.—The Southern States are to be, and some portions have al-

ready been, declared territory to be apportioned to the soldier hirelings and citizens of the Northern tyranny. What is to become of the entire people of the South, when we review their condition according to the will and caprice of the Puritanical fanaticism of the North? We see no hope nor prospect other than entire and complete extermination, were it in their power to accomplish.

Shall we of the South indeed believe that the Western people could possibly be accomplices in so ungodly a design and relentless a barbarity? No; we shall not yet believe them so forgetful of their manhood, so blind to their own interests, and so demented in their beings, as to join that corrupt and polluted faction in the East in so hellish and so damnable a purpose, should we even, for argument's sake, admit that so sacrilegious an object were within the range of possibilities to be accomplished. We can not believe it, nor do we ever expect to impute to them charges of minds so debased as to enter upon the Lincoln stage of tragedy for the accomplishment of so detestable an object and worthless a result. Let us hope for a change of front of the Western people, who have been over-zealous, though deceived.

We of the South have been over-credulous as to the moral effect our successes in our secession movement, (capturing nearly all the forts and strong positions in the Southern States, with vast quantities of arms and munitions of war, together with the spontaneous uprising of the people of the South,) would have upon the civilized and commercial nations of Europe in favor of our cause, which we expected would speedily recognize us as a nation, and would have opened their ports to our privateers and men of war.

Our credulity, and consequent inactivity, after the first battle of Manassas, has given our enemy an advantage over us in superior armaments and appliances of war. The result was, that in many instances we were necessarily compelled to abandon weak and apparently defenceless points, upon the approach of the enemy's gunboats with their heavy

armaments. Credulity, however, like forbearance, has ceased to be a virtue.

The chivalry and valor of the South has been fully aroused within the last five months. We have thrown our lives into the ballance of justice. We have committed our cause into the hands and keeping of God our maker, having in the meantime cast the dye by the execution of energetic movements with willing minds, stout hearts, and strong hands to do and die. We have driven the tyrant's minions from our borders, who but recently and tauntingly proclaimed our speedy conquest and subjugation. God has blessed our arms in all directions and with many victories over a heartless and more than barbarian foe. Our armies are now threatening with invasion many points simultaneously of the enemy's territory. The wolf is driven to his den—the tyrant and usurper is at bay, making Herculean efforts to retain his own Capital. Many and wise are the ways of God; He defends and prospers the just and the righteous. He has most signally revealed to us his will and power. The sword of God striketh to the hearts of our enemy by the hands of the Aborigines of the North-West; by the arbitrary acts of the tyrant and usurper; by the anarchy and corruption that reigneth throughout his dominions; by the perverse reasonings of fanatical dogmas which are attempted of being enforced against a virtuous and God fearing people. In many ways the sword of God is being drawn. And yet a little while its flaming blade will reach the most vital part of the tyrant monster.

H. W. R. J.

From the Monticello (Fla.) Family Friend.

A PHENOMENON--SWORD IN THE HEAVENS.

We are informed by a gentleman whose veracity cannot be questioned, that on the 23d instant, near Grooversville, Georgia, a phenomenon of remarkable significance was witnessed in the heavens about 4 o'clock in the evening. It was a perfect representation of a sword—handle, blade, and point

all visible. The blade was red and the handle silver color. The blade pointed to the Northeast and the handle to the Southwest. It was high up in the heavens, appearing to the eye about twenty feet long and about two feet broad. Soon after it was witnessed, a wind springing up, heavy clouds appeared and screened it from view.

We are not one of those who attach a peculiar significance to remarkable dreams, believe in witchcraft, or view every celestial phenomenon as an omen of good or evil. But no similar phenomenon to the one in question has been witnessed for many generations, and we are, therefore, owing to the peculiar circumstances surrounding us, inclined to regard it as significant.

Flavius Josephus, in his history of the Jews, refers to a similar appearance in the heavens, just previous to the destruction of Jerusalem. He says that a star, *resembling a sword*, stood over the city, and a comet that continued a whole year. Another writer, we are informed, describes the sword as hanging over the city with the point down.

After the destruction of Jerusalem the star disappeared.—This phenomenon has always, by learned Divines, been described as the “*Sword of the Lord*.” From the destruction of Jerusalem to the present period no such representation has been beheld in the heavens.

The mysterious workings of the “God of Hosts and of Battles” are as difficult to comprehend in our day and generation as they were in the day when Jerusalem was destroyed by fire and sword. And it may be possible that this second appearance of the “Sword of the Lord” (as the reverend gentleman who had the pleasure of seeing it styled it,) was an omen to the people of the South that they should speedily carry the sword of justice and of liberty beyond the bounds of the Confederacy, and die its blade crimson in the blood of our enemies, who have not only disregarded the principles of civil and religious liberty, but have mocked Deity, by the practice of their irreligious and degrading isms. The handle of this sword being in the South and the blood red blade in the North, may be a token to our hosts to commence the journey of invasion, and *this*, the assurance that the “God of Battles” will uphold and sustain the arms of the Southrons.

EUROPEAN RECOGNITION.

Among the various reasons assigned for the failure of France and England to intervene in some mode to bring to an end the war now raging between the North and the South, there is one view which we do not remember to have seen adverted to in any journal, or otherwise. It is this:—

It is apparent that in the matter in question, France is in perfect *rappoart* with England, and is indeed but following her lead. What England does France will do, and no otherwise. A solution of the English “situation” therefore solves the French, likewise.

What is the real (not the ostensible) cause of the hesitancy and delay which mark more peculiarly the action of British counsels? With every commercial and humanitarian motive to spur her on to immediate, decisive and self preservative action to arrest this war, and secure peace and a supply of cotton and a return of commercial reciprocities, she still lingers, as if paralyzed by some unseen influence. What is it?

It is the fear of Russia and a general war in Europe. The famous letter of Prince Gertschakoff, written early after the commencement of our hostilities, will not have been forgotten by our attentive readers. In it expressions most friendly to the United States were employed, and a clear intimation given of the earnest desire of the Czar to see the United States preserved *integral and unbroken*. The intimation went further, and dimly foreshadowed aid, if necessary. The object of Russia and her whole past policy towards the United States is plain. She has always looked to the giant Western Republic as a counterpoise to be used by her to hold in check the dominant powers (maritime and other) of France and England. With this view Russia has always professed and acted upon principles importing friendship to the United States. When this letter was published it startled the reflecting world, but it soon passed into comparative oblivion.

But our readers will also remember what took place in St. Petersburg not long since, when Simon Cameron, United States Minister, made his respects in that quality, and was presented for the first time to Alexander. Has it been forgotten how the Emperor of Russia went out of his way and was guilty of the imperial impertinence of expressing his warmest wishes for the safety and integrity of the Union—its

importance, necessity and general advantage, coupled with fervent assurances of regard and the like. This too seems to have passed out of the popular memory—though occurring at the very *crisis* of the times, when all Europe (*i. e.* the people) were expecting actual and prompt recognition on the part of England and France.

In this connection, we had as well just anticipate a part of the conclusion to which this article tends, by saying, that in the opinion of the writer, the artful and unscrupulous Simon Cameron had then and there in his pocket, to be used when occasion demanded, plenipotentiary authority—in the event of England and France intervening to aid the Confederate States—to make a strong and firm treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, on the part of the United States with Russia.

To some, we are apt to believe, these declarations will be novel, perhaps to some absurd. *N'importe*, the developments of the future will justify the hazard we incur in expressing these opinions. Of the powerful, but concealed and studiously polished rivalry, amounting to hate, between Russia and the Sea Powers of Europe, existing for centuries past, and diminishing nothing in intensity by the passage of time, we presume all reading men are informed. On the contrary, this feeling has been tremendously intensified by the almost generally unknown, but yet none the less real and stupendous and audacious growth of Russian territory, wealth and power in the last twenty years. Even since the Crimean war (in which France and England had to withdraw from the combat with the soul chasing reflection that after eighteen months of terrific war, and the expenditure of treasure which strained the financial strength of both nations, they had only taken one fortification lying on the *ultimathule* of Russia's Asiatic territory) that powerful and aggressive people, the Russian, has added enormous tracts of territory in Northern Tartary, Northern Mongolia and Northern China, until their limits stretch from the Caspian Sea on the East to the Sea of Japan on the West, to the mouth of the Amoor river—well styled by travelers the Mississippi of Asia. This immense territory is covered, not thickly, it is true, by a hardy, daring, fighting, pastoral population, and literally swarming with horses, sheep and horned cattle—most of it is fine grazing land, and the bowels of the earth are full of gold, silver, iron, lead, and precious stones. Russian forts and colonies

have been dotted all over it, and the people are becoming rapidly and thoroughly Russian. The sons of the Scheiks enter the army or head troops of native cavalry, "*en cossacque.*" Upon the Amoor river, which embouchures upon Japan, and opens a broad sweep upon the Pacific, stations, towns, forts, and iron steamers are being built. Thus Russia to-day is overwhelmingly the strongest power in the world—the vastest in territory—replete with all the moral and material elements of successful war. Indeed, to those who have not studied her actual position at present, any representation of it, however truthful, would seem to be fabulous. But it is real, substantial—a fixed fact—she is the master power of the world, and when aided by her political, geographical and religious affinities, such as Austria, Greece, and the Slavonic and Finnish nations, she is able to cope with the combined world. However, all this may be unknown to the unreading and unthinking world, it is painfully known to the able heads who rule at St. James and the Tuilleries, and this is that which gives England pause, and therefore France.

But, how and why and what relation has all this to American and especially Confederate affairs? Plainly, if the alliance heretofore hinted at be agreed upon between Russia and the United States, Russia, without sending a man, or a gun, or a dollar in direct aid of the United States, as against us or the European powers, can in an instant deal the most crushing blows to such European powers as may venture to espouse our cause.

In the first place, in pursuance of her policy, springing mainly out of her religion, which makes and has made her, for centuries, covet Constantinople as the *seat* or *see* of her religious faith, (for the words are radically the same) old Bazentium, older than Rome as an ecclesiastical power, and from which Roman Catholicism is but an exfoliation—a usurpation to the Russian and the Greek—she will march an army into Turkey and Egypt, from her Asian boundries, and then, first the great highway of England's Indian possession is cut, and her Indian Territory itself threatened—and second, (having now Odessa, the Baltic region—the threshing floor and garner house of Europe chiefly) she will have the Nile region, the other great wheat region of Europe and Western Asia besides, and Europe starves. Be it remembered that in a religious view—outside of any political aspiration or regal ambition—Constantinople is to the Czar and his people what

Rome is to the Pope and his people. It is a religious conviction, amounting to the voice of God, with all members of the Greek Catholic Church that *they*, the *ancient faithful*—the *elder* than *Roman*, should possess and hold the city where Constantine first beheld the cross luminous in the heavens, and where he first embraced the religion of Jesus of Nazareth, and where the first Catholic Patriarch sat—before the Pope of Rome existed—and this explains how Russia has been straining like a hound in the leash after Turkey for years long gone. Superadd this to all the political and other causes which urge Russia to invade Turkey, and we shall see how strong the pressure is which commands the Czar to seize (in accordance with the wishes of the whole Greek Church), to own and occupy Constantinople; and we shall also be able to guess how slight a cause will suffice to make him grasp it, cost what it may! For this she has toiled and waited with sleepless vigilance, and enduring patience and faith, since before the days of Peter the Great. England, with her well-informed and sagacious statesmen, knows all this, and here thus hurriedly glanced at, is pause for England, No. 1. The seizure of Turkey and Egypt by Russia, backed by the whole Greek Church, and all her Finnish and Selavonic affinities, and the threatening of her Indian possessions—her chief source of trade and wealth—has glowered before the eyes of British statesmen for more than a century; and still tinges with a shadow all her vista.

But what else—arising out of considerations of later origin? Why, in the event of another rupture between England and France on the one hand, and Russia on the other, down the Amoor come the Russian iron-clads sweeping British and French commerce from the Japan and Pacific seas, before succor could come around Cape Horn. Up the Pacific, British Columbia is seized—down the Pacific, Australia, the young, progressing, wealthy, Anglo-Saxon Empire, is gone; and what becomes of the French and English territorial possessions?

Here, then, France and England, so far from being able to aid *us* effectively, would have their hands full in Turkey, in the Pacific, and elsewhere, to preserve integral their own Empire. This is what gives a second pause to England; and virtually, in the face of her former chivalrous habitudes towards new governments, and in spite of her cruel sufferings,—paralyzes her action.

We throw out these hints as facts of great import to reflecting minds, regretfully, only because we have been unable to develope more fully the ideas which they suggest. We shall have no help, moral or material, from England or France, until our own successes have placed us in a position, so clearly independent and strong, as to incur no hazard to any European Power by our recognition. It is for this that England waits—while she pauses between domestic, painful needs on the one hand, and the sombre shadow of Russian Powers on the other.

By the above article, we have a *complete solution* of the policy of England and France with regard to the recognition of the Confederate States, which, at times, appeared to me as an unpardonable and suicidal policy as to their own commercial interests, which they were sacrificing by permitting our ports to be blockaded. It did not, however, occur to me that their actions were regarded with jealousy and vigilance by the strongest and most unscrupulous power in the world with regard to aggression and conquest. At the time of the Crimean war, my sympathies were enlisted in favor of the cause of Russia and condemned the alliance of France with England, having always regarded her as a crafty and mercenary power, compelling weaker nations to pay tribute to her commercially and otherwise.

The political policy of nations should at all times be regarded with the same scrupulous care and forethought as with reference to pecuniary interests of individuals. Hence we need look for nothing in the shape of intervention, but cast our every effort, our means, yea, our very existence, into the balances of justice, trusting in God and our own stout hearts and strong arms to force our barbarian foe to an honorable peace. Then our recognition by other nations will be an absolute necessity and of natural consequence, without their incurring jealousy of political rivalry, and the wrathful displeasure of Russia, the most powerful of all nations.

At the time of the Crimean war, I did myself entertain the notion of a nationally political alliance of the United States

with Russia, in order to check the aggressive tendency of England and France. Having had a natural fondness, from my youth up, to examine maps and contemplate the geographical importance of different nations, I readily conceived the idea *some years since*, that if the United States, *which were then united*, should form an alliance with Russia, we could readily control the balance of the world. But at the commencement of the present Revolution, my mind's eye was turned in the direction of Spain, France and Brazil.—Let us, as on the part of the Southern Confederacy, guarantee to Spain the perpetual possession of Cuba, Porto-Rico, and San Domingo. This she would hail with pride and satisfaction. Having at stake the same interest that we have, and of all pecuniary interests the most tenaciously cherished—the perpetuation of the institution of servitude in the African race, we could thus readily form an alliance with her which would meet with the approval of Napoleon, who is now endeavoring to get possession of the States of Mexico.

Our action in this direction would not only open to us the Spanish and West India ports for our privateers and men-of-war, but it would strike a blow deep into the heart of our Northern enemy. France having control of Mexico, we could enter into treaty stipulations for another slice of territory, and for the return of fugitives from service and from justice. This would deprive the Puritan and Abolition faction of their main stay of political salvation, with reference to their delusive notions concerning the Monroe doctrine.

Thus we would at once establish a safe-guard to the expansion and future growth of the Southern Confederacy, by preventing the absorption of Mexico by an enemy whose policy is inimical to all our interests, temporal and eternal. It would give to the Confederacy, to Spain and France, final control of the Atlantic, the Gulf of Mexico, and the Caribbean Seas, which would open to us a highway of commerce to South America, connecting us with the growing power of the Brazilian Empire, at the same time commanding the highway of commerce to China. With an alliance thus formed, we would hold within our grasp the heart of the world.

H. W. R. J.

A RECENT DREAM.

But recently, on my way home from Richmond, after having been near the seat of war, having had access to certain means and channels of information by which I was enabled to predict, in advance, the result of certain important engagements with the enemy, of which I wrote my friends, and in two days after, upon the receipt of the intelligence of our great victories on the plains of Manassas, where the superior valor and daring of our troops nearly annihilated that murderous band of the *out-law*, *Pope*, I felt greatly rejoiced with the prospect of forcing the enemy to entertain terms of peace, and devoted the greater part of that night to reading the glorious news and writing to my friends concerning our future prospects. Upon retiring to rest, I had another dream, which I regard as a warning applicable to the domestic affairs of the people of the Confederacy, and which you will find related and interpreted as follows:

It appeared to me that I was traveling in company with several other parties, each having a yoke of oxen, being large and well-proportioned cattle, yoked together, and in good working condition,—I being in the rear driving my cattle before me without any trouble, having no use for rein nor stick, they being completely subject and obedient to my will. I traveled along with an air of satisfaction and a certain degree of carelessness, observing, however, the beautiful and firmly-beaten road we passed over, which led through a dense and heavily timbered country. The timber appeared to be of the most luxurious growth, covered with thick foliage, being of a heavy trunk nearly of an average size, of immensely tall and towering height, and having no undergrowth, but the ground was covered with beautiful grass of a moderate height—thrifty in appearance, and affording most salubrious pasture.

As we advanced along the route, my mind was mostly occupied with the beautiful scenery and prospects by which we were surrounded. My cattle having carried upon their backs a quantity of wood which had been neatly prepared as fuel to build a fire in Camp, I saw the wood fall upon the road, observing to myself there was no necessity of picking it up

and carrying it along when we were in a wooded country, I traveled along carelessly, and without any consideration as to providing for the future. In course of time we came to a halt for the purpose of camping, and to my surprise, in looking about me I could find nothing in the shape of fuel. There was no dead timber of any description to be seen, nor had we an axe to cut any, when, with regret and self-reproach, I thought of the wood I left lying upon the road, which but for the want of a little care and forethought, would have then been at our service. Looking all around and about me, I could see nothing but green grass and growing timber—*no fuel was any where visible*. Being thus perplexed, I was awakened from my dream.

Our prospects for the cause of the Confederacy look bright and encouraging—so, also, was my prospect as appeared in said dream, until I became harrassed and perplexed for the want of proper attention to that which had been within my reach. Since we have accomplished so many brilliant victories, the Vandals having been driven from our borders teeming with rich supplies for the maintenance of our armies, every energy should be directed to the removal of such supplies that may be required for the subsistence of the people of the Confederacy. There is an abundance, requiring but a little care and attention to remove them out of the reach of the enemy, and deposit in places of security.

Vigilance and care are, however, not only applicable to the saving of stores and provisions in the border States, but to every family in the Confederacy, and to every branch of industry connected with our domestic affairs. Nothing should be neglected, being in the reach of any one, that's worth turning a hand to, nor should there be anything wilfully wasted, however trifling it may appear in value. The most fostering care is absolutely requisite for the collection of supplies, in order to guard against their loss by premeditated and contemplated raids of our enemies. There need not be so much apprehension of a scarcity of provisions from a short crop as from a want of vigilance—permitting that which may be within our reach to fall into the enemy's hands to be destroyed. It becomes us to be doubly vigilant since the avowed object of our more than barbarous enemies to conduct the war upon principles of incendiaryism, attempting to incite to servile revolt and insurrection our domestic institution.

H. W. R. J.

GEN. THOMAS J. JACKSON.

Major-General THOMAS JONATHAN JACKSON, or, as he is familiarly known, "STONEWALL" JACKSON, now engrosses as much of public attention as any other man engaged in the present struggle for Southern independence.

Gen. Jackson was born in the town of Clarksburg, Harrison county, Virginia, in the year 1825. He is the son of Jonathan Jackson, who was born in what is now known as Lewis county, three miles North of Weston, its county seat. He was christened "Thomas," after his grandfather, Thomas Neal, and Jonathan after his own father. In early life, the father of the subject of this notice moved to Clarksburg to study and practice law with his cousin, judge John G. Jackson. Shortly after commencing the practice of law, he married the daughter of Thomas Neal, of Wood county, by whom he had four children, two daughters and two sons, of whom THOMAS was the youngest.

Ere Thomas had entered his third year, the father and mother of these children died, leaving them without any estate for their maintenance.

Shortly after the death of his parents, Thomas was taken to Lewis county, and he remained on the same farm with his uncle (where his father was born) until he arrived at the age of seventeen, at which period he was appointed a cadet in the West Point Academy. At the early age of sixteen, notwithstanding his minority, such was the generous sympathy of his neighbors and acquaintances for a mere boy, manfully struggling to carve out a name and reputation for himself, he was elected to the post of constable of the county of Lewis, which office he resigned to accept of appointment of Cadet to West Point.

In 1846, he graduated at West Point with high distinction, and was immediately ordered to report for duty under the command of Gen. Taylor, where he served until General Scott commenced his campaign in Mexico, when young Jackson was assigned to his command.

We find the following mention of our herō in "Gardner's Dictionary of the United States," (2d edition, published 1860:)

"Thomas J. Jackson, (Virginia,) cadet 1842—brevet second lieutenant 1st artillery, 1 July, 1846; with Magruder's battery in Mexico, first lieutenant, August, 1847; brevet cap-

tain "for gallant and meritorious conduct in battles of Contreras and Churubusco," 20 August, 1847, (Aug. 1848); brevet major "for gallant and meritorious conduct in battle of Chapultepec," 13 September, 1847 (March, 1849); resigned 29th February, 1852."

In addition to the permanent promotions, he was brevetted major before he reached the City of Mexico. All of his promotions during the Mexican campaign, as will be seen by reference to the above, were for "gallant and meritorious conduct." It is a source of much gratification to the friends of this distinguished soldier, that the Army Register, and the actual history and facts of the Mexican war, do not furnish the name of another person, entering the war without position or office, who attained the high rank of major in the brief campaign and series of battles from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico. In this particular, he had no equal in that war.

The severe service in the Mexican war and the climate of that country so impaired his health, that, shortly after the conclusion of peace, he resigned his position in the army, and sought and obtained a professorship in the Virginia Military Institute. Shortly after entering upon his duties as a professor, he married the daughter of Mr. Junkin, the Principal of the Washington College. She died, and he has since married Miss Morrison, of North Carolina. Like his distant and illustrious kinsman, Andrew Jackson, he has no children by either marriage.

He continued to teach the arts of war at the Institute until the commencement of the present struggle. No sooner had the tocsin of war sounded, than he flew to the standard of his native State, with the same alacrity and zeal which have since that period characterized his whole career. He was commissioned colonel by Governor Letcher, and was *unanimously* confirmed by the Convention of Virginia, then in session. He was the first colonel, and the first man, in the Provisional Army of Virginia, to take command of his troops.

A revolution, by its upturnings, brings to the surface materials, the existence of which was before obscured in humility and by the veil of native modesty. Circumstances make men, who, in turn, make circumstances. In ordinary times as a general rule, the souls of men exhibit what force and fire they may contain, in those places where birth has placed them. Revolution rends this frame-work as if it were a cobweb, and exhibits to the world the man of merit, and allows

him to appear in all his grandeur. The prejudice and bigotry of rank, fearing a depreciation of its own excellencies, will rarely call into requisition or associate with worth below it; but those who obtain influence through the soul and force they carry with them, appreciate worth in others, and judge men by the true criterion. Hence, JACKSON, as is shown, having sprung from the same class of society with the soldiers who compose his army, appreciates them as equals, loves them, and associates with them. Daunted by no danger, exhausted by no toil, caught by no stratagem, it is not to be wondered that he acquired the title of "STONEWALL."

THE BATTLE OF FALLING WATERS.

Col. Jackson commanded the forces of Harper's Ferry till the arrival of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston—a period of about a month. Gen. Johnston, after taking command, assigned to Col. Jackson the important duty of checking the Yankee General Patterson in his advance. That duty was performed to the entire satisfaction of Gen. Johnston and the country. In his official report of the battle of Manassas, Gen. Johnston said :

"On the 2d of July, Gen. Patterson again crossed the Potomac. Col. Jackson, pursuant to instructions, fell back before him. In retiring, he gave him a severe lesson in the affair at falling waters. With a battallion of the 5th Virginia regiment, (Harper's) and Pendleton's battery of field artillery, he engaged the enemy's advance. Skillfully taking a position where the smallness of his force was concealed, he engaged them for a considerable time, inflicted a heavy loss, and retired when about to be outflanked, scarcely losing a man, but bringing off *forty-five* prisoners."

Shortly after this affair, Col. Jackson was made a Brigadier-General, and it was understood that the promotion was in consequence of his conduct at Falling Waters.

A few days afterwards, he stamped his name indelibly upon the pillar of his country's history by his participation in the battle of Manassas. The timely arrival of his brigade, it is believed, changed the fortunes of the day. It was at the battle of Manassas he gained the *soubriquet* of "STONEWALL," under the following circumstances:

At the battle of Manassas, overwhelmed by superior numbers and compelled to yield before a fire that swept every thing before it, Gen. Bee rode up and down his line, encouraging

his troops, by every thing that was dear to them, to stand up and repel the tide which threatened them with destruction. At last, his own brigade dwindled to a mere handful, with every field officer killed or disabled. He rode up to General Jackson and said, "General they are beating us back." The reply was, "Sir, we will give them the bayonet." Gen. Bee immediately rallied the remnant of his brigade, and his last words to them were : "There is Jackson standing like a stone wall. Let us determine to die here and we will conquer. Follow me." His men obeyed the call, and at the head of his column, the very moment when the battle was turning in our favor, he fell mortally wounded.

BATTLE OF KERNSTOWN.

On Saturday, the 22nd of April, Gen Jackson rapidly moved his little army from camp near Mount Jackson back to Cedar Creek, twenty six miles in one day, and camped there that night, making his headquarters in Strasburg, which was evacuated by the enemy the day before. Early the next morning, (Sunday), he again moved forward, and his artillery opened on the enemy, near Kernstown, about twelve o'clock. An artillery duel was kept up until about four o'clock in the afternoon, when the enemy's infantry advanced in force, and were met heroically by Jackson's brave little band. Three times the "stars and stripes" fell, and three times did our gallant troops drive the enemy headlong to the hill. The first brigade (the "Stonewall") finally came up, and again a fresh column of the enemy was driven back, leaving the side of the hill black with their dead.

No battle has been fought during the war against such odds and under the same trying circumstances. With a force not exceeding three thousand five hundred men—men who had been on forced marches for weeks—the ranks thinned by the process of re-organization in front of the enemy—Jackson attacked 20,000 fresh troops, repulsed them again and again, and so crippled the dastardly foe, that he dared not, in all his numbers, follow him in his retreat. Notwithstanding the great disparity in their forces, the enemy themselves could claim nothing more than a "*drawn battle*."

We next hear of the untiring hero at Swift Run Gap, occupying a strong position, with daily skirmishes with the enemy. He remained in this position a short time, and then fell back to Staunton. In the meantime the enemy had fallen

back down the valley for the purpose of uniting the commands of McDowell, Banks, and Fremont. Immediately after this movement on the part of the enemy, Jackson, with his forces, on the 7th of May, 1861, left Staunton, and, on the evening of the same day, the rear-guard of his army encamped four miles west of the Buffalo Gap, fourteen miles from Staunton. Gen. Johnson's forces had advanced to Shenandoah Mountain, in pursuit of Millroy who was falling back before the united forces of Jackson and Johnson. Millroy is said to have had about 8,000 effective men.

BATTLE OF M'DOWELL.

On Thursday, the 6th, a bloody fight took place between Jackson's force and the enemy under Millroy, at Sutlington Hill, near McDowell. After four hours' fighting, the enemy were completely routed and driven from all points. General Jackson thus briefly and gracefully announced his victory :

“VALLEY DISTRICT, May 9th, '61. }
Via Staunton, May 10. }

To Gen. S. COOPER :

God blessed our arms with victory at McDowell yesterday.
T. J. Jackson, Major-General.”

Fremont was expected to reinforce Millroy the day the fight took place, but did not arrive in time. Jackson captured in this fight 100 boxes ammunition, 500 Enfield rifles and Minnie muskets, 60 to 75 cavalry saddles, and nearly 200 head of cattle, which had been stolen from the citizens living in the vicinity, by the Yankees. The loss of the enemy was supposed to be about 1,300.

After the fight the remnant of Millroy's army was reinforced by Fremont, and we hear nothing more of our gallant hero until

THE BATTLE OF WINCHESTER,

which was thus announced in an official despatch from Gen. Jackson :

“WINCHESTER, May 26.—During the last three days God has blessed our arms with brilliant success. On Friday, the Federals at Front Royal were routed, and one section of artillery, in addition to many prisoners, captured. On Saturday Banks' main column, whilst retreating from Strasburg to Winchester, was pierced; the rear part retreating towards Strasburg. On Sunday the other part was routed at this

place. At last accounts Brig. Gen. Geo. H. Stuart was pursuing them with cavalry and artillery, and capturing many. A large amount of medical, ordnance, and other stores have fallen into our hands.

T. J. JACKSON."

After his defeat, Banks, with the remnant of his army, fled across the Potomac. The stores captured at Martinsburg were immense. The result of this fight was the annihilation of an army of 12 to 15,000, the capture of an amount of provisions, small arms, ordnance stores, horses, wagons, and camp equipage almost incredible, and the destruction of the Baltimore and Ohio road, the main artery which connects the Yankee capital with the West! Jackson took six thousand fine rifles, two thousand muskets, six hundred sacks of salt, four hundred wagons, many horses, twelve pieces of artillery, three being rifled Parrott guns, \$100,000 worth of medicines, hospital stores of every imaginable kind—splints, amputating instruments, chloroform, oranges, lemons, fresh cheese, dried fruit, every luxury a sick man could desire, and clothes without limit. Col. Ashby, hearing of many Yankee sutlers who had recently set up their shops in the country, seized them and loaded 200 wagons with the plunder. A portion of the captured stores had to be destroyed in our retreat, but all the guns and medicines were saved.

Gen. Jackson followed Banks in his retreat, striking a blow wherever opportunity offered, until he reached the Potomac. He then fell back to meet the combined forces of the enemy under Fremont, Shields, and Dix, who were endeavoring to get in his rear. He fell back this side of Winchester, making a stand at Port Republic, in Rockingham county, a short distance this side of South River.

BATTLE OF PORT REPUBLIC.

Sunday morning, the 8th of June, 1862, the enemy crossed the river in two columns, and made an attack—Fremont being pitted against Ewell, and Shields against Jackson. After a short conflict Fremont was completely routed and hotly pursued by Ewell, while Jackson held Shields in check, and was pressing him against the Shenandoah. The following characteristic despatch was received from Jackson announcing the victory:

NEAR PORT REPUBLIC, 9th,

VIA STAUNTON, June 10th, 1862. }

To S. COOPER, Adjutant-General :

Through God's blessing the enemy near Port Republic was this day routed, with the loss of six pieces of his artillery.

(Signed,) (S)

T. J. JACKSON,
Major-General Commanding.

It was in this fight that the gallant TURNER ASHBY poured out his life's blood on the altar of his country. The result of this fight created a perfect panic in the Yankee capitol—the guard around the city was doubled—the street corners were thronged with anxious groups, expecting every moment to hear of the advance of the victorious Jackson. The old hero after giving the *astute* Yankee generals a severe lesson in the art of war, left them fortifying against his advance, and proceeded with his victorious army in a different direction. We hear no more of him until the ball opens in front of Richmond. At the battle of Gaines' Mill—in the darkest hour and moment—at that period in the day's fight when the enemy had almost succeeded in flanking us on the left—great consternation is heard in the woods! Volley upon volley is heard in rapid succession, which is at once recognized and cheered by our men. "It is Jackson," they shout, "on our right!" Yes, two or three brigades of Jackson's army had flanked the enemy, and were getting in his rear. Jackson had moved fast, and was now endeavoring to head the retreating foe. Just as the sun was about to sink in the west—just as the last volleys are indistinctly heard in the enemies rear—a courier arrives, announcing that "through the Providence of God," Jackson had fallen upon the retreating column, broken it, and captured three hundred prisoners. The battle was won, and the exhausted heroes, who had remained to strike the finishing blow, wrap their martial cloaks around them, and quietly sleep upon the field of battle.

The history of Gen. Jackson since the battles in front of Richmond are too fresh in the minds of every man, woman, and child in the Southern Confederacy, to need repetition here. That he will add fresh laurels to his name, which has now become as familiar as house-hold words, none will doubt.

Gen. Jackson, it is said, never enters a fight without first invoking God's blessing and protection. The dependence of this victorious soldier upon the Deity seems never absent from his mind, and whatever he says or does, it is always prefaced "by God's blessing!" After a battle has been fought, the same rigid remembrance of Divine power is observed.

The army is drawn up in line, the General dismounts from his horse, and there, in the presence of rough, bronzed-face men, with heads uncovered and bent awe-stricken to the ground, the voice of the good man, which, but a few minutes before, was ringing out in fiery intonations, is now heard, subdued and calm, in holy appeal to Him who "holdeth the wind in his hand!" When this fact is known, who wonders at his unprecedented success in battle?—*Southern Illustrated News*, Sept., 1862.

YANKEE NOTIONS ABOUT THE GENERALSHIP OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

The following review of Confederate strategy in general, and of that of Stonewall Jackson in particular, taken from the Washington correspondence of the St. Louis *Republican*, cannot fail to interest our readers:

The country must by this time fully realize the situation in this quarter, and the knowledge of the radical changes which have so suddenly taken place cannot but administer a heavy shock to the public pulse. A little more than two short months ago, we were besieging the Capital of the rebels with our best army, under our best Generals; now the enemy have again invested Washington.

On the 29th of June, Jackson turned McClellan's right, and forced him back from the suburbs of Richmond, in seven days of bloody battles; on the 20th of August he turns Pope's right, and in five days' fighting hurls him on the fortifications of Washington. Thus, in two short months, the tide of battle has rolled backward one hundred and sixty miles, and the position of the combatants completely reversed.

The operations of "Stonewall Jackson"—for *he* does the fighting—has no parallel in modern history. It will be remembered that he occupied the position of "Professor" in the Virginia Military Institute for years before the war commenced, where he taught the young F. F. V.'s the science of war, and fitted them for the command of their legions now in the field. There he was evidently the "right man in the right place." When the war began, he was commissioned a Brigadier General of Volunteers, and had command of a brigade in the battle of Bull Run, July 21st, 1861, where he

distinguished himself by his unflinching valor and cool control of his forces. In this engagement, Gen. Bee's South Carolina troops wavered, when he rallied them by exclaiming—"Look at Jackson's men; they stand like a stonewall!" And Beauregard afterwards using the same expression, in describing their conduct in his official report, Jackson was dubbed his present title from that time. During the fall and winter following, he was placed in command of the small "army of observation" which held the upper valley of the Shenandoah, and the country around about Staunton. It was intended that he should remain *quasi* inactive, to watch the enemy and to wait for him; but he soon commenced manœuvring on his own responsibility, and began revealing evidences of the stuff that makes good Generals. The higher military authority at Richmond discovered early in the spring that he was disposed towards such extensive operations with his small command, that he might get himself into trouble—in fact, astounded at the boldness he displayed, they began to draw the official rein on him; but Jackson crustily replied—"Send me more men and less orders, or more orders and less men." From that day they trusted him. He pitched on Shields at Winchester, but failed, only because Banks's corps had not advanced as far South at the time as he supposed, and returning, reinforced Shields at the end of the first day's fight. During the night he drew off, and retreated up the Valley.

In less than thirty days he dashed at Fremont's advance, west of Staunton, and driving it back, wheeled his army, swept down the Valley, and drove Banks across the Potomac. Returning to the upper Valley, he manœuvred around for three weeks—in the meantime dealing Fremont a heavy blow at Cross Keys, and thrashing Shields in the Luray valley—and then suddenly swept down the Virginia Central Railroad, via Gordonsville, on McClellan's right, before Richmond. The part he played in winding up our campaign on the Peninsula is well known. Almost before the smoke had lifted from the bloody field of the Chickahominy, we hear of him again on his old stamping ground above Gordonsville. Cedar Mountain was fought and won from Pope before he knew his campaign was opened. Jackson fell back, but only to flank him on the right. Pope retired from the Rapidan to the Rappahannock, but Jackson swung still further around to the North and outflanked him again. Yet

again he gave up the Rappahannock, and fell back South of Warrenton, and, for the third time, Jackson outflanked him through Thoroughfare Gap, and at last got in his rear. Pope now had to fight, and he did fight well ; but victory perched upon Jackson's banner, and our armies rest on the Potomac.
—*Richmond Dispatch.*

JACKSON'S MARCHES.

Bonaparte, in his first campaign in Italy, wrote to the Directory that his troops had out-done the Roman legions. The latter, he said, marched eight leagues (twenty-four miles) a day, whereas the French marched ten, and fought a battle every day. The French are proverbially rapid marchers ; but the great exploits alluded to by Napoleon in this letter extended only over a space of one week, during the time of Wurmser's first invasion, when the battle of Castiglione was fought. The General-in-Chief himself, during that time, never took off his clothes, or slept in a bed, and sometimes kept on horseback for twenty four hours, changing only from one horse to another. At other periods the French enjoyed comparative repose, while engaged in blockading Mantua.

For rapid marching, continued steadily through a long period of time, it may be doubted whether any troops—even those of Bonaparte in Italy—ever surpassed the troops of Jackson. For a whole month they are said to have made twenty-five miles a day ; and when we look at the ground they passed over, we are induced to believe the distance not overstated. He has discarded all superfluous baggage, has few wagons and no tents, and makes his men move with no knapsacks on their backs. They carry nothing but a haversack, in which they thrust their rations, to supersede the necessity of stopping to eat when it is not convenient. Only one blanket is allowed, and this the men tie around their shoulders. Everything is brought down to the condition which allows of most speed, and is subject to least stoppage. The men who make these prodigious marches are the healthiest in the whole service. They complained at first, and were weary and foot-sore, but they soon got over it, and grew every day more and more capable of enduring fatigue, until now they can bear as much as the deer that used to feed on the mountains around them. Stonewall has moulded them

into the very form for great exploits, and great exploits we are confident they will perform. Already they see that victory seems chained to his standard. Already his name begins to exercise over them that magical influence which is the best omen of success. They think him invincible, and they will do their best to make him so.—*Richmond Dispatch.*

GEN. JOHN H. MORGAN

Is one of the oldest of six brothers, all of whom, save one, have been active and useful in the present struggle of our young Confederacy, devoting their all to the great cause. CALVIN C. MORGAN has acted as an agent at home in Kentucky for the command of his brother, and has undoubtedly done as much good in that capacity as he would have done had he been in the field. His third brother, Col. RICHARD MORGAN, is the Adjutant-General of the junior Hill, and has been with that gallant officer through his whole campaign. The fourth brother, Major CHARLTON H. MORGAN, is at present in his brother's command, having been recently transferred from the army of the Potomac. When the present war broke out, Charlton Morgan represented the United States Government abroad. He immediately resigned his position and came home to take his part in the struggle, and was the first member of his family to come into the Confederate States. The fifth brother, Lieut. THOMAS MORGAN, at present a prisoner at Camp Chase, Ohio, was one of the first youths of Lexington to shoulder his musket and march to the defence of Kentucky. The sixth brother is yet too young to bear arms.

Gen. Morgan, as were all of his brothers, was born and educated near the city of Lexington, in Kentucky, and is a lineal descendant of Morgan of Revolutionary fame.

In 1846, during the Mexican war, when the call came for "*more volunteers,*" John H. Morgan, then scarcely of age, raised a company, and was just upon the point of starting, when the news reached the States that a treaty of Peace had been concluded. Well do the survivors of that company remember the conduct of their Captain upon the disbanding of his company. Every man of the company, (which was principally composed of young men dependent upon their labor for support,) was indemnified for the loss of his time during

the period of recruiting. 'Twas at this time that Morgan gained the title of Captain. The Kentuckians of his command still refuse to recognize or apply any other title to him than that of "THE CAPTAIN."

Gen. Morgan is not a "West Pointer," but one of the few men who was born to *command*, as he has uncontestedly proven. He believes that it is his destiny to fight against a race of men whose every principle is so utterly repulsive to his own noble nature. His contempt for the Yankee character is great and natural, and his daring deeds in this war show how thoroughly he understands it.

Sometime after the Mexican war, he purchased an establishment and engaged in the manufacture of jeans, linseys and bagging for the Southern market. About the same time, he married the accomplished Miss Rebecca Bruce, (whose traitor brothers are all against us in this war). After years of suffering from sickness, she died about the commencement of the present troubles. After performing the last sad rites to his departed wife, he immediately and secretly collected a little band of followers, and left the country, making his way to Green river, where he reported himself to the Confederate officer in command "ready for duty." His band was rapidly increased by the arrival of exiles from Kentucky, who knew well the worth and valor of the man as a leader.

His command, upon reporting, were placed, with some other cavalry, upon picket duty on the Green River, where he began a series of bold and daring exploits, which are unequalled for their boldness and the manner of their execution.

It was his determination when he left his home in Kentucky, should his command ever become numerous enough, to return and drive out the crop-eared Puritans, who, through Kentucky's generosity, had quite ruined his native State, by over-running it and driving her sons to the States of the Southwest.

A little incident, showing the strategic powers of Morgan, is here worthy of mention: An order was issued by the authorities of Kentucky, from head-quarters at Frankfort, that all the arms in the State should be forthwith forwarded to the State armory, there to be inspected and repaired for the use of the "State Guard," who were to maintain what the Union shriekers termed Kentucky's "Armed Neutrality." Gen Morgan, then Captain of the "*Lexington Rifles*," was suspected of having evil intentions against the peace and

quiet of Uncle Sam, or rather that "Hoosier," King Abraham. It was, however, known to all loyal Kentuckians that he was "a good man and true;" in other words, that he was for his State first, last, and all the time. Hence, the Lincolnites kept a sharp eye on the guns held by Morgan's Company. Morgan knew that they had determined to get the arms out of his hands, and issued the order mainly for that purpose. And he, in turn, had determined that they should not have them; so, in the dead of night, they were removed some distance from the city, and the boxes in which they were to have been placed, neatly filled with bricks instead, and marked, "*Guns from Capt. Morgan, State Armory, Frankfort.*" Good care was taken that the boxes should reach the depot at Lexington *just too late*, and there they lay exposed to public view. The Lincolnites received the boxes with unspeakable delight, winking and blinking at one another, supposing that they had fixed Morgan and his Seesheh Company," and flattering themselves that they had for once in their lives defeated a man who had always been as a thorn in their sides. That night Captain Morgan, in command of his brave band, passed through Lawrenceburg, Ky., a distance of twenty-five miles from Lexington, having in their possession *eighty fine rifles* belonging to the Yankee Government.

At the commencement of the present struggle, Gen. Morgan was possessed of great wealth, all of which he left in the hands of the enemy when he came South. He has ever been a public spirited gentleman, and dispensed his means with a liberal hand for the public good. There are many who can testify to his quiet manner of doing good. There is no man living who can say of John H. Morgan, that he went to him tired and hungry, and he fed him not; he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not."

Gen. Morgan is now about thirty-six years of age, and in the full vigor of manhood. He is about six feet in his stockings, as straight as an Indian, magnificently proportioned; light curly hair, small grey eyes, and fair complexion. His general appearance is that of a gentleman of leisure—his carriage exceedingly graceful and manly, with an inclination to be fastidious in his dress. His modest, unassuming style of speech, when addressed, at once assures you that you are in the presence of an unpretending, thorough-bred Kentucky gentleman. Unlike many other of the great men of the war,

though a man who entertains great respect for religion, he is not a member of the Church. His deeds have been heralded throughout the broad limits of the universe, and his name will be cherished wherever the "Stars and Bars" of his beloved Confederacy wave.—*Southern Illustrated News.*

GENERAL MORGAN'S CAPTURE OF SEVENTEEN CITIES--- THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF THE WAR.

KNOXVILLE, July 30, 1862.

Capt. P. A. Alston, A. A. G.:

On the 10th July, Gen. Morgan, with myself and a body guard of fifteen men, arrived at a point one half mile below Horse Cave, on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, where I took down the telegraph wire and connected my pocket instrument for the purpose of taking off all the despatches as they passed through. Owing to a heavy storm prevailing South the atmospheric electricity prevented me from communicating with Bowling Green or Nashville. The first I heard was Louisville calling Bowling Green. I immediately put on my ground wire southward, noticing particularly at the same time what changes it would make in the circuit. It did make it stronger; but the storm mentioned affecting telegraphs more or less, Louisville did not suspicion anything wrong, and I answered for Bowling Green, when I received the following message:

LOUISVILLE, July 10.

To S. D. Brown, Bowling Green:

You and Col. Houghton move together. I fear the force of Col. H. is too small to venture to Glasgow. The whole force should move together, as the enemy is mounted. We cannot venture to leave the Road too far, as they may pass round and ruin it.

T. J. BOYLE,

Brigadier General Commanding.

I returned the usual signal, "O. K." after receiving the message.

Louisville immediately called Nashville; and I answered for Nashville, receiving business for two hours. This business was mostly of a private nature, and I took no copies. It could be plainly seen from the tenor of the messages, that

Morgan was in the country, and all orders to send money and valuables by railroad, were countermanded—as they supposed. Little did the operator at Louisville think all this work would have to be repeated the next day. Louisville also sent the news of the day, and thus we were furnished with New York and Washington dates of that day. During the whole of this time it was raining heavily, and my situation was anything but an agreeable one—sitting in the mud with my feet in the water up to my knees. At 11 o'clock P. M., the General, being satisfied that we had drained Louisville of news, concluded to close for the night, and gave me the following message to send, dating and signing as below:

NASHVILLE, July 10.

To Henry Dent, Provost Marshal, Louisville:

General Forrest commanding a brigade, attacked Murfreesboro, routing our forces, and is now moving on Nashville. Morgan reported to be between Scottsville and Galatin, and will act in concert with Forrest, it is believed. Inform the General commanding.

STANLEY MATHEWS, Provost Marshal.

I am not aware that General Morgan claims to be a prophet, or the son of a prophet; but Forrest did attack Murfreesboro', and rout the enemy.*

On arriving at Lebanon, July 12th, I accompanied the advance guard into town, and took possession of the telegraph office immediately. This, as you know, was at 3.30 A. M. I adjusted the instrument and examined the circuit. No other operator on the line appeared to be on hand this early. I then examined all the dispatches of the day previous. Among them I found the following :

LEBANON, July 11, 1862.

Gen. J. T. Boyle, Louisville, Ky:

I have positive information that there are 400 marauders in 20 miles of this place, on the old Lexington road, approaching Lebanon. Send reinforcements immediately.

A. Y. JOHNSON,
Lieut. Col. Commanding.

At 7.30 an operator signing "Z" commenced calling "B," which I had ascertained by the books in the office, was the signal for the Lebanon office. I answered the call, when the following conversation between "Z" and myself ensued:

* The taking of Murfreesboro' by Forrest was three days afterwards—on the 13th.—EDS. CONFED.

To Lebanon. What news; any more skirmishing after your last message? Z.

To Z. No. We drove what little cavalry there was away. B.

To B. Has the train arrived yet? Z.

To Z. No. About how many troops on train? B.

To B. 500—60th Indiana, Commanded by Col. Owens. Z.

My curiosity being excited-as to what station Z was, and to ascertain without creating any suspicion, I adopted the following plan :

To Z. A gentleman here in the office, bets me the cigars you cannot spell the name of your Station correctly. B.

To B. Take the bet. L-e-b-a-n-o-n J-u-n-c-t-i-o-n. Is this not right? How did he think I would spell it? Z.

To Z. He gives it up. He thought you would put two B's in *Lebanon*. B.

To B. Ha! Ha! He is a green one. Z.

To Z. Yes, that's so. B.

To Z. What time did the train with soldiers pass, Z? B.

To B. 8 30 last night. Z.

To Z. Very singular where the train is! B.

To B. Yes, it is; let me know when it arrives. Z.

At 8 20 Lebanon Junction called me up and said :

To B. The train has returned. They had a fight with the rebels at New Hope. The commanding officer awaits orders here. Z.

To Z. Give us the particulars of the fight. Col. Johnson is anxious to know all about it. B.

To B. Here is Moore's Message to Gen. Boyle :

LEBANON JUNCTION, July 12.

To General J. T. Boyle, Louisville :

At 11 o'clock last night at New Hope Station, part of my command encountered a force of rebel cavalry posted on the country road, one half mile South of the Railroad. After a brisk fire of musketry for twenty minutes the enemy was routed and fled. Skirmishers were sent out in different directions, but were unable to find the enemy. At three this morning, apprehending that an effort might be made to destroy the bridges in our rear, we moved down the New Haven and remained until after daylight, when the train went back to the scene of the skirmish. A Mr. Foreman, of Owen county, was found mortally wounded. He reported the

rebel force at 550 under command of Capt. Jack Allen, and that they had fallen back towards Greensburg. One horse was killed and three captured. The books of the company were found on the field. Blood was found at different places, showing that the enemy was severely punished. No casualties on our side. Here with train awaiting orders.

O. F. MOORE, Commanding."

Lebanon Junction being the repeating Station for Louisville business, he forwarded the following telegrams just from Louisville—9 o'clock, A. M.:

LOUISVILLE, July 12.

To Col. Johnson, Lebanon:

Leave good guard and join Col. Owens. Pursue the enemy and drive him out. Be cautious and vigorous. Make no delay.

J. T. BOYLE,

Brigadier-General Commanding.

By the following it will appear that Col. Owens must have been *en route* for Lebanon:

LOUISVILLE, July 12.

Colonel Owens, Lebanon:

You will move after the enemy and pursue him.

J. T. BOYLE,

Brigadier-General Commanding.

Up to the time of our leaving Lebanon, which was about noon, Col. Owens had not arrived. Gen. Morgan told me I could close my office; and to allay for that evening all suspicion at Lebanon Junction, at not being able to communicate with Lebanon, I dispatched the operator as follows:

To Z. Have been up all night and am very sleepy. If you have no objections I will take a nap until two or three o'clock.

B.

To B. All right—don't oversleep yourself.

Z.

Wonder if I did!

We arrived at midway between Frankfort and Lexington, on the Louisville & Lexington Railroad, about ten, A. M. next day. At this place I surprised the operator, who was quietly sitting on the platform of the depot, enjoying himself hugely. Little did he suspicion that the much dreaded Morgan was in his vicinity. I demanded of him to call Lexington and inquire the time of day, which he did. This I did for the purpose of getting his style of handling the "Key in writing dispatches. My first impressions of his style, from noticing the paper in the instrument, were confirmed. He was,

to use a telegraphic term, a "Plug" operator. I adopted his style of writing, and commenced operations. In this office I found a signal book, which proved to be very useful. It contained the calls for all the offices. Dispatch after dispatch was going to and from Lexington, Georgetown, Paris, and Frankfort, all containing something in reference to Morgan.

On commencing operations at this place I discovered that there were two wires on the line along this railroad. One was what we term a "through wire," running direct from Lexington to Frankfort, and not entering any of the way offices. I found that all military business was sent over that wire. As it did not enter Midway office, I ordered it cut, thus forcing Lexington on to the wire that did run through the office.

I tested the line and found that by applying my ground wire, it made no difference with the circuit; and as Lexington was headquarters, I cut Frankfort off. Midway was called. I answered, and received the following:

LEXINGTON, July 15th.

To J. W. Woolums, Operator Midway:

Will there be any danger in coming to Midway? Is everything right?

TAYLOR, Conductor.

I inquired of my prisoner (the operator) if he knew a man by the name of Taylor. He said Taylor was Conductor. I immediately gave Taylor the following reply:

MIDWAY, July 15.

To Taylor Lexington:

All right—come on—no signs of any rebels here.

WOOLUMS.

The operator in Cincinnati then called Frankfort. I answered and received about a dozen unimportant dispatches. He had no sooner finished than Lexington called Frankfort. Again I answered and received the following message:

LEXINGTON, July 15.

To General Finnell, Frankfort:

I wish you to move the forces at Frankfort on the line of the Lexington Railroad immediately, and have the cars follow and take them up as soon as possible. Further orders will await them at Midway. I will, in three or four hours, move forward on the Georgetown Pike; will have most of my men mounted. Morgan Left Versailles this morning at

7 o'clock with 850 men, on the Midway road moving in the direction of Georgetown.

Brigadier-General WARD.

This being our position and intention exactly, it was thought proper to throw Gen. Ward on some other track. So in the course of half an hour I manufactured and sent the following dispatch, which was approved by Gen. Morgan :

MIDWAY, July 16, '62.

To Brigadier-General Ward, Lexington:

Morgan, with upwards of one thousand men came within a mile of here, and took the old Frankfort road, bound, as we suppose, for Frankfort. This is reliable.

"WOOLUMS, Operator."

In about ten minutes Lexington again called Frankfort, when I received the following :

LEXINGTON, July 15.

To General Finnell, Frankfort:

"Morgan, with one thousand men came within a mile of here and took the old Frankfort road." This dispatch received from Midway, and is reliable. The regiment from Frankfort had better be re-called. General WARD.

I received for this message and again manufactured a message to confirm the information General Ward had received from Midway, and not knowing the tariff from Frankfort to Lexington, I could not send a formal message; so appearing greatly agitated, I waited until the circuit was occupied, and broke in, telling them to wait a minute, and commenced calling Lexington. He answered with as much gusto as I called him. I telegraphed as follows :

Frankfort to Lexington: Tell General Ward our pickets are just driven in—great excitement—Pickets say the force of the enemy must be two thousand. OPERATOR.

It was now two o'clock, P. M., and General Morgan wished to be off to Georgetown. I run a secret ground connection and opened the circuit on the Lexington end. This was to leave the impression that the Frankfort operator was skeddaddling, or that Morgan's men had destroyed the telegraph.

We arrived at Georgetown about the setting of the sun. I went to the telegraph office found it locked, enquired for the operator, who was pointed out to me on the street. I hailed him, and demanded admission into his office. He very courteously showed me in. Discovering that his instru-

ments had been removed, I asked where they were. He said he had sent them to Lexington. I asked him what time he had Lexington last. He said nine o'clock, and since that time the line had been down. I remarked that it must be an extraordinary line to be in working condition when it is down, as I heard him sending messages to Lexington when I was at Midway at one o'clock. This was a stunner; he had nothing to say. I immediately tested the wires by applying the end of the wires to my tongue, and found the line "OK." I said nothing to him, but called for a guard of two men to take care of Mr. Smith until I got ready to leave town. I did not interrupt the lines till after tea, when I put in my own instrument and after listening an hour or two at the Yankees talking, I opened the conversation as follows, signing myself "Federal Operator:"

To Lexington: Keep mun; I am in the office reading by the sound of my magnet in the dark. I crawled in when no one saw me. Morgan's men are here, camped on Dr. Gano's place.

GEORGETOWN.

To Georgetown: Keep cool; don't be discovered. About how many rebels are there?

LEXINGTON.

To Lexington: I don't know; I did not notice, as Morgan's operator was asking me about my instruments, I told him I sent them to Lexington. He said d—n the luck, and went out.

GEORGETOWN.

To Georgetown: Be on hand and keep us posted.

LEXINGTON.

To Lexington: I will do so. Tell General Ward I will stay up all night if he wishes.

GEORGETOWN.

To Georgetown: Mr. Fulton wishes to know if the rebels are there?

CINCINNATI.

To Cincinnati: Yes; Morgan's men are here.

GEORGETOWN.

To Georgetown: How can you be in the office and not be arrested?

CINCINNATI.

To Cincinnati: Oh, I am in the dark, and am reading by sound of the magnet.

GEORGETOWN.

This settled Cincinnati. Question after question was asked me about the rebels, and I answered to suit myself.

Things had been going on this way for about two hours, when Lexington asked me where my assistant was. I replied, Don't know. He then asked me, Have you seen him to-day? I replied, No. This was the last telegraphing I could do in Georgetown.

I called on Mr. Smith, the operator, who was under guard in my room, and informed him that I would furnish him with a mule in the morning, and should be pleased to have him accompany me to Dixie, as I understood he was under the employ of the U. S. Government. This was anything but agreeable to him. I thought I had struck the young man in the right place, and remarked that had he not sent his instruments to Lexington, I would have taken them in preference to his person. His face brightened and an idea struck him very forcibly, from which he made a proposition—it was to furnish me the instruments if I would release him.

This I agreed to, as such instruments are of much more value to the Confederacy than Yankee telegraphers. I accompanied him to the servants room, and there, under the bed, in a chest, we found the instruments. Mr. S. having given me his word on honor, that he would not leave town for the next twenty-four hours, he was set at liberty to visit his wife, and the young Smiths.

On arriving at Cynthiana, I found that the operator had skedaddled. I tested the wires, and found no fluid from either Covington or Lexington, nor were the wires in working order when I left the office next day.

At Paris the operator had made a clean sweep. He left the night before, taking all his instruments.

At Crab Orchard there was no office, and I had to put in my pocket magnet which I did at 11 A. M. The first message I received was the following:

LOUISVILLE, July 21.

To Col. Woolford, Danville:

Pursue Morgan. He is at Crab Orchard, going to Somerset.

BOYLE.

No sooner had the Danville Operator received for this than the Operator at Lebanon suggested the following:

To Lebanon Junction: Would it not be well for Danville and offices below here to put on their ground wires when they send or receive important messages, as Geo. Elsworth, the rebel Operator, may be on the line between here and Cumberland Gap?

LEBANON."

The Operator at the Junction agreed with him, and said it would be a good idea, but it was not carried into effect.

We arrived at Somerset that evening. I took charge of the office. I ascertained from citizens that it had been closed for three weeks, up to the very hour that our advance

guard arrived in town. It was just opened by the operator from Loudon, who came to work the instruments for the purpose of assisting to catch Morgan; but unfortunately for Uncle Sam, the Operator, and all concerned, he had no time to either send or receive a message; but he had it in fine working condition for me. I had been in the office for some time, when Stanford called Somerset and said: "I have just returned from Crab Orchard, where I have been to fix the line. The rebels tore it down. I left there at 8 o'clock. The 9th Pennsylvania cavalry had not then arrived. What time did you get in from Loudon?"

STANFORD."

To Stanford. Just arrived and got my office working finely.

SOMERSET.

To Somerset. Any signs of Morgan yet? He left Crab Orchard at 11 30 to-day.

STANFORD.

To Stanford. No signs of him as yet?

SOMERSET.

To Somerset. For fear they may take you by surprise, I would suggest we have a private signal. What say you?

STANFORD.

To Stanford. Good. Before signing we will make the figure 7.

SOMERSET.

This was mutually agreed upon.

I asked when Woolford would be at Somerset. He said Woolford had telegraphed Boyle that his force was green and insufficient to attack Morgan.

Seeing there was no use of my losing a night's rest, I told Stanford I would retire; that I had made arrangements with the pickets to wake me up in case Morgan came in. The operator at Lebanon Junction urged me to sit up, but I declined on the ground of being unwell. This did not satisfy him, but after arguing with him for some time I retired.

July 22—Opened the office at 7 o'clock, A. M.; informed the Stanford operator that Morgan had not yet arrived; made inquiries about different things; and after everything in town belonging to the United States was destroyed, the General gave me a few messages to send—one to Prentiss, one to Gen. Boyle, and one to Dunlap. They are hereto annexed.

I then telegraphed home, informing my relatives of my whereabouts, what I was doing, &c. I then transmitted the General's dispatches as follows:

SOMERSET, July 22.

George D. Prentice, Louisville:

Good morning, George D. I am quietly watching the complete destruction of all of Uncle Sam's property in this little burg. I regret exceedingly that this is the last that comes under my supervision on this route. I expect in a short time to pay you a visit, and wish to know if you will be at home.

All well in Dixie.

JOHN H. MORGAN,
Commanding Brigade.

General J. T. Boyle, Louisville:

Good morning, Jerry. This telegraph is a great institution. You should destroy it, as it keeps you too well posted. My friend, Ellsworth, has all your dispatches since the 10th of July on file. Do you wish copies?

JOHN H. MORGAN,
Commanding Brigade.

Hon. Geo. W. Dunlap, Washington City:

Just completed my tour through Kentucky—captured 17 cities, destroyed millions of dollars worth of U. S. property—passed through your county, but regret not seeing you. We paroled fifteen hundred Federal prisoners.

Your old friend,

JOHN H. MORGAN,
Commanding Brigade.

[The foregoing dispatches were well calculated to dumbfound these Yankee dignitaries—who no doubt were half inclined to pronounce them some spiritual freak—but for concentrated audacity, the following is unequalled.—EDS. CONFED.]

HEADQUARTERS, TELEGRAPH DEPARTMENT OF KY., }
CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA, }
Georgetown, Ky., July 16, 1862. }

General Order No. 1.

When an operator is positively informed that the enemy is marching on his station, he will immediately proceed to destroy the telegraph instruments and all material in his charge. Such instances of carelessness as were exhibited on the part of the operators at Lebanon, Midway; and Georgetown, will be severely dealt with.

By order of
Gen. Mil. Sup't C. S. Telegraph Dep't.

G. A. ELLSWORTH.

Southern Confederacy, August 1862.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF COL. JOHN H. MORGAN.

HEADQUARTERS, MORGAN'S COMMAND, }
Knoxville, Tenn., July 30, 1862. }

To Major-General E. Kirby Smith, Commanding Department of East Tennessee--General:

I have the honor to report that, upon the day of the engagement at Tompkinsville, a full report of which I have already sent you, I moved my command, consisting of my own Regiment, the Georgia Regiment of Partisan Rangers, commanded by Col. A. A. Hunt, and Major Gano's Texas squadron, to which was attached two companies of Tennessee Cavalry, in the direction of Glasgow, which place I reached at twelve o'clock that night.

There were but few troops in the town, who fled at our approach. The commissary stores, clothing, &c., together with a large supply of medical stores, found in Glasgow, were burned, and the guns were distributed among my command—about two hundred of which were unarmed when I left Knoxville.

From Glasgow I proceeded along the main Lexington road to Barren river, halting for a time near Cave City—my object being to induce the belief that I intended destroying the railroad bridge between Bowling Green and Woodsonville. I caused wires connecting with a portable battery I carried with me, to be attached to the telegraph line near Horse Cave, and intercepted a number of dispatches.

At Barren River, I detached three companies under Capt. Jack Allen, to move forward rapidly and destroy the Salt River bridge, that the troops along the line of railroad might be prevented from returning to Louisville.

On the following morning I moved on towards Lebanon, distant thirty-five miles from Barren river. At 11 o'clock at night I reached the bridge over Rolling Fork, six miles from Lebanon. The enemy had received information of my approach from their spies, and my advanced guard was fired upon at the bridge. After a short fight, the force at the bridge was dispersed, and the planks which had been torn up having been replaced, the command moved forward to Lebanon. About two miles from town, a skirmish commenced between two companies that I caused to dismount and deploy, and a force of the enemy which was posted on the road, which was soon ended by its dispersion and cap-

ture. Lieut. Col. A. Y. Johnson, commanding the troops in the town, surrendered, and I entered the place. The prisoners, in number about 65, were paroled.

I took immediate possession of the telegraph, and intercepted a dispatch to Col. Johnson, informing him that Col. Owens, with the 60th Indiana Regiment, had been sent to his assistance; so I at once despatched a company of Texan Rangers, under Major Gano, to destroy the railroad bridge on the Lebanon branch, which he successfully accomplished in time to prevent the arrival of the troops. I burned two long buildings full of commissary stores, consisting of upwards of five hundred sacks of coffee, a large amount of all other supplies in bulk, marked for the army at Cumberland Gap. I also destroyed a very large amount of clothing, boots, &c. I burned the hospital buildings, which appeared to have been recently erected and fitted up, together with about thirty-five wagons and fifty three new ambulances. I found in the place a large store of medicines, five thousand stand of arms, with accoutrements, about two thousand sabres, and an immense quantity of ammunition, shell, &c. I distributed the best arms among my command, and loaded one wagon with them to be given to the recruits that I expected to join me. I also loaded one wagon with ammunition. The remainder of the arms, ammunition, and the hospital and medical stores, I destroyed.

While in Lebanon, I ascertained from telegraph dispatches that I intercepted, that the force which had been started from Lebanon Junction to reinforce Lieut. Col. Johnson, had met and driven back the force under Capt. Jack Allen, killing one of his men, and preventing him from accomplishing the purpose for which he had been detailed.

I proceeded from Lebanon on the following day through Springfield to Macksville that night to recover the prisoners, which I did the next morning. I then left for Harrodsburg, capturing a Federal Captain and Lieutenant on the road; reached Harrodsburg at $12\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock, and found that the Home Guard of all that portion of the country had fled to Lexington. A force was also stationed on the bridge where the Lexington road crossed the Kentucky river. My reception at this place was very encouraging. The whole population appeared to turn out and vie with each other as to who should show us most attention.

I left Harrodsburg at 6 o'clock the same evening, and moved to Lawrenceburg, twenty miles distant, threatening

Frankfort in order to draw off the troops from Georgetown. Remained there until the return of my courier from Frankfort, who brought the information that there was a force in Frankfort of two or three thousand men, consisting of Home Guards collected from the adjacent counties and a few regular troops.

From Lawrenceburg I proceeded to Shrykes' Ferry, on the Kentucky river, raised the boat, which had been sunken, and crossed that evening, reaching Versailles at 7 o'clock.—I found this place abandoned by its defenders, who had fled to Lexington; remained there that night, and on the next morning marched towards Georgetown. While at Versailles I took about three hundred Government horses and mules.

I passed through Midway on the road to Georgetown, and was informed just before reaching the place that a train from Frankfort was nearly due, with two regiments of Federals. I tore up the track and posted the howitzers to command it, and formed my command along the line of the road; but the train was warned of our presence, and returned to Frankfort. Having taken possession of the telegraph office, I intercepted a dispatch asking if the road was clear, and if it would be safe to start the train, and made preparations to receive it, but it was also turned back and escaped.

I reached Georgetown, 12 miles from Lexington, that evening. Just before entering the town, I was informed that a small force of Home Guards had mustered to oppose us. I sent them word to surrender their arms, and they should not be molested, but they fled. The people of Georgetown also welcomed us with gladness, and provided my troops with every thing that they needed. I remained at Georgetown two days, during which time I sent out a company under Capt. McMillan to destroy the track between Midway and Lexington, and Midway and Frankfort, and to blow up the stone bridge on that road, which he successfully accomplished. Hearing that a company of Home Guards were encamped at "Stamping Ground," thirteen miles distant, I dispatched a company under Capt. Hamilton to break up the encampment, burn the tents and stores, and destroy the guns. This was also accomplished—Capt. Hamilton taking fifteen prisoners and all their guns, and destroying a large amount of medical and commissary supplies. I also, while at Georgetown, sent Capt. Castleman with his company to destroy the railroad bridges between Paris and Lexington, and report to me at Winchester. This was done.

Determining to move on Paris, with a view of returning, and hearing that the place was being rapidly reinforced from Cynthiana, I deemed it of great importance to cut off the communication from that place, while I drew off the troops that were already there, by a feint on Lexington. I therefore dispatched a portion of two companies towards Lexington, with instructions to drive the pickets to the very entrance of the city, while I moved the command towards Cynthiana. When I arrived in three miles of the place, I learned that it was defended by a considerable force of infantry, cavalry and artillery. I despatched the Texas squadron, under Major Gano, to enter the town on the right, and the Georgia Regiment to cross the river and get into the rear, while I moved my own Regiment, with the artillery under the command of Lieutenant J. E. Harris, down the Georgetown Pike. A severe engagement took place, which lasted about an hour and a half, before the enemy were driven into the town and compelled to surrender. I took four hundred and twenty prisoners, including about seventy Home Guards. I regret to have to mention the loss of 8 of my men killed and 29 wounded. The enemy's loss was 94 killed and wounded, according to their own account. Their excess in killed and wounded is remarkable, as they fought us behind stone fences, and fired at us from buildings as we charged through the town. We captured a very fine 12-pounder brass piece of artillery, together with a large number of small arms, and about three hundred Government horses. The arms and Government stores were burned, and as many of the horses as we could bring with us were kept. I found a very large supply of commissary and medical stores, tents, guns and ammunition at this place, which I destroyed. The paroled prisoners were sent under an escort to Falmouth, where they took the train for Cincinnati.

I proceeded next morning towards Paris, and was met on the road by a bearer of a flag of truce, offering the unconditional surrender of the place. I reached Paris at 4 o'clock, remained there that night, and started towards Winchester next morning. As my command was filing out of Paris, on the Winchester Pike, I discovered a large force of Federals coming towards the town, from the direction of Lexington. They immediately countermarched, supposing, no doubt, that my intention was to get into their rear. This enabled me to bring off my entire command without mole-

tation, with the exception of two of my pickets, who were probably surprised. I reached Winchester that day at 12 o'clock, and remained until 4 o'clock, when I proceeded towards Richmond. At Winchester I found a number of arms, which were destroyed.

I arrived at Richmond at 12 o'clock that night, and remained until the next afternoon, when I proceeded to Crab Orchard. I had determined to make a stand at Richmond, and await reinforcements, as the people appeared ready to rise and join me, but I received information that large bodies of cavalry under Gen. Clay Smith, and Cols. Woolford, Metal, Mundy and Wynkoop, were endeavoring to surround me at this place. So I moved on to Crab Orchard. There I attached my portable battery to the telegraph leading from Stanford to Louisville, and learned the exact position of the enemy's forces, and directed my movements accordingly.

Leaving Crab Orchard at 11 o'clock, I arrived at Somerset, distant 28 miles, at sundown. I took possession of the telegraph, and countermanded all the previous orders that had been given by Gen. Boyle to intercept me, and remained in perfect security all night. I found a very large supply of commissary stores, clothing, blankets, shoes, hats, &c., at this place, which were destroyed. I also found the arms that had been taken from Gen. Zollicoffer, together with large quantities of shell and ammunition, all of which were destroyed. I also burned at this place and Crab Orchard about 130 Government wagons.

From Somerset I proceeded to Monticello, and from thence between Livingston and Sparta, where my command is now encamped.

I left Knoxville on the 4th day of this month with about nine hundred men, and returned to Livingston on the 28th instant with nearly twelve hundred, having been absent just twenty-four days, during which time I traveled over a thousand miles, captured seventeen towns, destroyed all the Government supplies and arms in them, dispersed about fifteen hundred Home Guards, and paroled about twelve hundred regular troops. I lost in killed, wounded and missing of the number that I carried into Kentucky, about ninety.

I take great pleasure in testifying to the gallant bravery and efficiency of my whole command. There were individual instances of daring so conspicuous, that I must beg the privilege of referring to them. Private Moore, of Louisiana, a

member of Company A., of my Regiment, particularly distinguished himself in leading a charge at Cynthiana, which had an important effect in winning the battle. The reports of the Regimental Commanders, which are inclosed, are respectfully referred to for individual instances of bravery and efficiency. I feel indebted to all my aids for the promptness with which my orders were executed, and particularly to Col. St. Leger Grenfel, for the assistance which his experience afforded me.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

JOHN H. MORGAN,
Acting Brig. Gen. C. S. A.

R. A. ALSTON, A. A. G.

HISTORY OF A YANKEE CHASE AND CAPTURE OF FEDERAL BRIDGE BURNERS.

During this, the Second American Revolution, the exigencies of the times call forth and develope invaluable qualities of virtue and invincibility possessed in the souls of men, *not only* in a military point of view as with regard to soldiers and generals in the field whose constant theme it is to devise means and measures to frustrate the designs of a common enemy, *but* in the more humble walks of life in the discharge of daily duties, the quiet and unpretending citizen is called upon to act as it were by the inspiration of a higher power to put to their fullest test the energies and capacity possessed in the soul which is clearly demonstrated in the following narrative:

Captain W. A. FULLER—the hero of a Yankee chase, and captor of twenty-two Federal bridge burners—was born in Henry county, Ga., on the 15th of April 1836. His father, also, was born in the same county and State 17th February, 1810, who has always been a farmer of perfect independence. His grand-father, John Fuller, was born and raised in Camden District, South Carolina, was married to a Virginia lady, was in the battle of Camden where Gen. Gates was defeated, and served seven years in the First American Revolution.

The subject of this narrative (grand-son of John Fuller) is a farmer's son, and worked in the cotton-field till sixteen years of age when he was sent to a respectable academy (Philadelphia) where he graduated. Being fond of lively and exciting employment he chose a Conductor's berth on the West-

ern & Atlantic Rail Road on the 8th day of September, 1855. On the second of December, 1860, he was married to Miss Lula Asber, of South Carolina. Resides in Atlanta, and still continues in the service of the Western & Atlantic Rail Road as Conductor of a passenger train, where, in the Spring of 1862, an occasion presented itself to him to give full scope to his indomitable will and irresistible energy in pursuit of the Yankee hirelings who had stolen his engine while stopping to breakfast at Big Shanty, a station eight miles North of Marietta.

Captain Fuller, his Engineer, and Mr. A. Murphy, then Foreman of the Western & Atlantic Rail Road Shop, who happened to be along, started off at "double-quick" at the instance of the former. When Capt. Fuller reached Moon's Station, distant 3 miles, he found a hand-car, put it upon the track himself, pushed back for Kain and Murphy, whom he had left behind. This car they used, pushing it along alternately, till they reached Etowah, 20 miles from Big Shanty. At this Station, fortunately, there was an old engine steamed up which was instantly brought into requisition. In the meantime, while upon the hand-car, they were precipitated into the ditch more than once where the engine thieves had torn up the track. With the engine which they procured at Etowah, they ran at full speed, unobstructed, to Kingston, where they were informed that they were only 25 minutes behind the Yankees. At Kingston, Fuller took charge of the Rome Road engine, and pressed on, being frequently obliged to stop to remove *cross-ties* which had been placed upon the track by the Yankees. When he had proceeded some 6 miles he came to a break in the track some 60 yards long where the Yankees had torn up the Iron and carried it away. This, of course, rendered the Rome engine useless in the pursuit; whereupon, Capt. Fuller started off again on foot, followed alone by Murphy. When he had run about 4 miles he met an Express train, 20 cars in length, which he instantly turned back, *switching* off the cars at the next station (Adairsville,) and took the engine alone in the pursuit, providing himself with track hands, tools, &c., for the purpose of repairing the track in case the enemy should tear it up again, knowing that the engine he then had was the only chance.

At Calhoun he took on an operator and instructed him on the way as to sending a dispatch, then dropped him at Dalton, who telegraphed to Chattanooga just two minutes before

the Yankees cut the wires, thus securing their capture if he failed to catch them.

A better executed stratagem has never been recorded upon the pages of history. Regardless of danger and its consequences, he run an engine backwards under a full head of steam in pursuit of the Yankee thieves.

He had not proceeded far when he fully comprehended the shrewdness and daring of the enemy, having found upon every curve in the road obstructions in the shape of *cross-ties*, with which the enemy had loaded three cars, and dropping as many as half a dozen upon the track in every bend of the road as they advanced, to prevent pursuit. With re-doubled energy, he followed in hot haste, using the steam guage to her fullest capacity, and frequently stopping at the curves to remove obstructions.

Being thoroughly acquainted with every part of the road, he could run his engine to a better advantage than his fleeing enemy, and, after an exciting chase, overtook him. The enemy, finding himself too hotly pressed, *stopped his engine and reversed her*, to run into the one in pursuit; but, in his fright, he forgot to take off the break and she stopped still. Taking to the woods, Capt. Fuller found himself upon a new field of action, where the power and endurance of his muscular frame was more than fairly tested in the pursuit of a band of criminals whom, it may well be imagined, made a desperate effort to make good their escape, who separated as they advanced through the woods in order to baffle pursuit. But Capt. F., as the sequel proves, was fully equal to the emergency. Though he had but six men with him, he felt perfectly confident of his capturing the whole gang.

Meeting several negroes in the course of his pursuit, he gave them running orders to station themselves at certain points, who promptly obeyed his command, while he continued his course. Finding a mule, he pressed him into service, rode to several plantations where he was joined by citizens with their servants, who assisted in the capture of the Yankee thieves who were brought to halt in squads of twos and threes on the banks of the river, (which was impassible at the time) where they readily yielded to a demand of surrender to their victorious pursuers.

Andrews confessed, while in prison in Chattanooga, Tenn., after having been condemned to be hung, that it was the object of the Expedition to steal and take to Huntsville the

engine, and to burn all the bridges on the State Road between Marietta and Chattanooga; thereby cutting off communication and re-inforcements. He was to get \$10,000 for stealing the engine and \$60,000 for burning the bridges.

He was hired by the Yankee General Mitchell to accomplish that thievish and incendiary project, in which, had he been successful, would have resulted in an incalculable loss to the Confederate States. But the energy, indomitable will, and power of endurance of Capt. Fuller was sufficiently great not only to cause that infamous scheme to miscarry, but to accomplish the capture of Andrews and his whole crew. About the 20th of June last, Capt. Andrews, the leader of the expedition, was *executed*, and a few days subsequent seven others followed, all executed in Atlanta, Ga. They severally expressed their warmest feelings of respect and good wishes for Capt. Fuller, and upon the scaffold declared that they approved of his conduct.

Thus ends a hastily written chapter of one of the exciting events of the present Revolution. Hoping to be pardoned for mistakes if any there be, I remain, Respectfully,

H. W. R. J.

P. S.: The bridges, eighteen in number, on the State Road which Mr. Andrews and his party intended to destroy cost the State nearly a million of dollars. Thus it will be seen that by Capt. Fuller's hazzardous and frightful chase he saved to the State, in round numbers, the sum above mentioned, in actual expenditure.

Had those bridges been destroyed, the State would not only have suffered to the extent of their value, but the upper part of the State would have been invaded by a vindictive and barbarous enemy, and a large amount of the rolling stock of the Road would have been cut off and lost to the State. As for the eventual loss to the Confederacy in so sad an event the amount would have been, indeed, incalculable.

H. W. R. J.

GEN. FORREST JUST IN TIME.—While Gen. Forrest was making his forced cavalry march upon Murfreesboro', the enemy at that place, all unconscious of their approaching doom, was holding a drum head court for the trial of numerous citizens of the vicinity accused of shooting the Yankee pickets. They had condemned quite a number to be hung, among them master Charley Ridley, a youth of sixteen, entirely innocent of the offence charged, but a most acceptable victim, inasmuch as he was the son of Broomfield L. Ridley, one of the Judges of the Chancery Court of Tennessee, whose broth-

er, Dr. Charles L. Ridley, a citizen of Jasper county in this State, is well known to many of our readers. While these summary trials and convictions were going on, the distant thunder of the tramp of cavalry attracted the attention of the "honorable Court," and in a few minutes the sharp report of musketry and the terrified cry of "the rebels—the rebels," adjourned that tribunal with more dispatch than ceremony. The provost marshal, who, in a few minutes, would have been treating his prisoners to short shrift and a cord, took to his heels, and the happy escaped set up a shout of deliverance that made the welkin ring. What a lucky arrival for them.—*Macon (Ga.) Telegraph, August 6.*

THE CONFEDERATE STATES NAVY.

The Navy Department of the Confederate States has been the subject of a great deal of abuse and ridicule from our own press and people—whether altogether deserved or not, we shall not pretend to say. But we should remember that "Rome was not built in a day"—and that many great enterprises have their origin in very small beginnings. Thus our navy, though small now, will, in the future, we believe, occupy a prominent place in the navies of the world.

Small as it is, it has accomplished much. The daring of Tatnall, the gallantry of Buchanan, the bravery of Jones, of Brown, of Hollins, and the hosts of other noble spirits, whose naval exploits have won for them imperishable renown, have already illustrated many bright pages in the glorious history of our young Confederacy, and give promise of still greater deeds of emprise and renown in the future.

With pride and gratification, we can recall the movements of our little "Musquito fleet," under command of Commodore Tatnall at the mouth of the Savannah river; the successful cruise of the Sumter, under Lieut. Semmes, on the bosom of the broad Atlantic: the terrific onslaught of the Merrimac—Virginia, under Commodore Buchanan and Lieut. Jones, in the waters of Hampton Roads, the successful attack of the Louisiana Ram, under Commodore Hollins, at the Delta of the Mississippi; The "cotton clad" experiment of Gen. Jeff. Thompson on the Mississippi river; and lastly, of the astonishing victory of the Arkansas, under Capt. Brown at Vicksburg.

These are some of the feats which our gallant little navy has accomplished—so many evidences of greater deeds were the facilities at hand—and so many assurances of additional glory for the participants.

With this record and these evidences, it is, indeed, a source of the deepest regret that the field of operations is not larger. With a fleet of a dozen “iron-clad” frigates, the termination of the war would be hastened. Northern seaports would be made to feel the presence of a hostile navy, and taste the bitter fruits of an “effective blockade.”

A Southern army thrown upon Northern soil, would then be supported by a Southern navy; and thus, blows, thick and fast, by land and sea, would bring the crazy fanatics of Yankeedoodledom to their senses with a most desirable haste.

Now, the question arises, can we not have such a navy? Cannot European workshops, and European ship yards, and European workmen be set to work to accomplish this great necessity? Could not, for instance, the ships be built, the machinery constructed, and the iron plating prepared, and shipped to this country by piecemeal?

The policy seems to us plausible enough; and worthy of a trial.

We are aware that the Confederate Naval Department is not idle. Movements are on foot now, from which good results may reasonably be anticipated; but we cannot accomplish all that we desire with our limited and over-taxed facilities. We must supply the necessities abroad, if possible, and without delay.

We have a navy, it is true, but we want a fleet of vessels worthy of the gallant men who compose that Navy.—*Constitutionalist.*

WOE TO THE VANQUISHED.

From the days when Sennacherib generously proffered the invaded to eat the fruits of their own vine and fig trees and drink of their “own cisterns”—to the cruel and fraudulent designs of the Yankees against us, it has always been a trick to deceive the foolish or detach the timid by pledges of kindness, to be redeemed in blood and rapine.

We cannot imagine that our own case would constitute an exception. The assurance of Seward that no war of con-

quest was intended—the measures taken for a “short sharp war”—the agreement to liberate our prisoners on parole, followed by sending them to Chicago—the specious proclamation of safety and protection, followed by the arrest of our citizens and plunder of their property—all prove the fraud and rapacity which we have to apprehend.

While history teems with evidences of this inevitable tendency of a war of invasion, we present an example in which its consequences have been inflicted by a people of the same race with ourselves and coinciding in general character with our Yankee invaders.

Cromwell's invasion of Ireland was conducted on precisely the same plans, and with identically the same purposes which actuate our foes. The reader will find the same treachery mark every step of his progress. Soon after landing a powerful and well equipped army in Ireland, Cromwell published a proclamation, forbidding his soldiers, on pain of death, to hurt any of the inhabitants, or take anything from them, without paying for it in ready money. This was so strictly executed that even in his march from Dublin to Drogheda, where he was guilty of that horrid butchery, [he took the place by storm, and after having promised quarter, massacred all his prisoners,] and breach of faith before mentioned, he ordered two of his private soldiers to be put to death in the face of the whole army, for stealing two hens from an Irishman, which were not worth two pence.

“Upon this strict observance of the proclamation, together with positive assurances given by his officers, that they were for the liberties of the Commons, and that every one should enjoy the freedom of his religion, and that those who served the market at the camp should pay no contribution, all the country people flocked to them with all kinds of provisions, and due payment being made for the same, his army was much better supplied than that of the Irish ever had been.”

The conquest having been secured, the disguise is thrown off “On the 26th September, 1853, the English Parliament declared that the rebels in Ireland were subdued and the rebellion ended, and thereupon proceeded to the distribution of their lands.”

The whole kingdom was surveyed, and the number of acres taken with the quality of them, all the soldiers brought in their demands for arrears, and each man received, by lot, as many acres as should answer the value of his demand.

The best land was rated only at four shillings an acre, and some only at a penny. The soldiers drew lots on what part of the kingdom their lots should be assigned them. Great abuse was committed in setting out the adventurers' satisfaction for the money they had advanced at the beginning of the war; for they had whole baronies set out to them in gross, and they employed surveyors of their own to make their admeasurement.

What lands they were pleased to call unprofitable, they returned as such. The soldiers' land returned as unprofitable amounted to 605,670 acres. In this manner was the whole kingdom divided between the soldiers and the adventurers of money.

THE IRISH ARE TRANSPLANTED INTO CONNAUGHT.

Cromwell and his council finding the utter extirpation of the Irish nation to be in itself very difficult, and to carry in it somewhat of horror, that made some impression upon the stone-hardness of their own hearts, after so many thousands destroyed by the sword, famine, and by the plague, and after so many transported into foreign parts, found out the following expedient of transportation, which they called "An Act of Grace":

There was a large tract of country, even to the half of the province of Connaught, that was separated from the rest by a long and large river, and which, by the plague and many massacres, remained almost desolate.

Into this place they required all the Irish, whom Cromwell had declared innocent of the rebellion, to retire by a certain day under the penalty of death, and all who after that time should be found in any other part of the kingdom, man, woman, or child, might be killed by any who saw or met them.

"The land within this circuit, the most barren in the kingdom, was, out of the grace and mercy of the conquerors, assigned to those of the nation who were enclosed in such proportions as might, with great industry, preserve their lives, and to those persons from whom they had taken great quantities of land in other provinces they assigned greater proportions within this, on condition that they should give releases of their former rights and titles, and bar themselves and heirs from ever laying claim to their old inheritance.

"By this means the plantation, as they called it, was finished, and all the Irish natives were enclosed within that circuit, the

rest of Ireland being left to the English. Some few estates, were left to the old proprietors, who, being all Protestants, had either never offended them, or had served them, or had made composition for their delinquencies.

"The Irish were to confine themselves to Connaught, so that the new English planters might proceed, without interruption, *and without that degradation which former ages had experienced from an intercourse with the Irish*, and the natives divided by the Shannon from the other Provinces, and surrounded by the English garrisons, might be restrained from their old barbarous incursions.

"These colonists were transported (to Connaught) without seed to sow, cattle to stock, ploughs to cultivate, servants to aid, or houses to shelter them; they were not to settle within four miles from the sea, two miles of the Shannon, or enter any garrisoned town without orders, on peril of life."

From these instructive extracts we may read our own fate, if we should yield either to the threats or predictions of the Yankees.

The confiscation of lands to be drawn for by lot among a licentious and foreign soldiery. The seizure of our country, schools, pulpits, with every State and local office-by the most vicious and vindictive of our enemies, the lawless mixture of negroes, foreigners, and fanatics, would so transform our once happy country that the doom of the poor Irish would be indeed an act of grace. The Virginian seeing his country, the home of vice, infidelity and enmity to all he reveres, would gladly go to any wilderness where his children might forget a country he could not rescue.—*Richmond Whig.*

DR. M'DOWELL OF ST. LOUIS.

To the Editor of the Whig:

The Missourians in this city are greatly gratified at meeting their distinguished fellow-citizen, Dr. Joseph N. McDowell, who, for twenty-five years, has filled the chair of Anatomy and Surgery in the Medical School of St. Louis, and for the last twelve months has been Surgeon General of Missouri. At present he occupies the honorable post of Inspector General of the Confederate Hospitals West of the Mississippi. Dr. McDowell has borne a conspicuous and honorable part in the pending struggle for our liberties, and is devoted to the

cause with a noble zeal. I herewith enclose you a production of his pen, the perusal of which, I think, will entertain you.

Yours,

B.

LETTER TO REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER,

As originally published in the "St. Louis Daily Morning Herald," of December 15, 1859.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 8, 1859.

To the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher:

SIR—This is the morning of the anniversary of the “crossing of the Delaware” by George Washington, and the battle of Trenton. The Governor of Missouri has appointed to-day a day of thanksgiving in memory of the achievements of the “Father of his country.” And I keep it with a two-fold feeling of filial duty, for George Washington and my own father, who was with him on that dreadful night and the two succeeding days. I do most heartily thank God, my Father in Heaven, for their deliverance in that most perilous adventure. I thank Him that He parted the ice as He did the Red Sea, to safely land on that stormy night that small but heroic band to battle with the enemies of liberty, and made them successful against five times their number. I thank Him for the freedom and prosperity of our common country, both North and South; and I thank Him for the preservation of our Liberties beneath the hollow of His hand. But above all things I have thanked Him that He has not made me such a man as Henry Ward Beecher, with a heart full of such black ingratitude for the achievement of human liberty by that heroic band. I thank Him there still lives the same love of liberty in my humble bosom that impelled them to battle and to cross the Delaware, and would impel me to cross the Mississippi to battle with the foes of the South. Sir, let me reason with you, and carefully read what I write you, that you may “see yourself as others see you.” You profess to be a Christian, yet in no wise do you follow in the footsteeps of your Master or are actuated by the spirit of his religion. His was of peace, yours of the sword. His was forbearance, yours assault, even unto death, upon your friends and your country. He purchased no weapon even to be turned upon his enemies; while yours is the religion of the bowie-knife and the rifle. His was mercy, yours is murder. You would turn the brutal negro upon the unsuspecting white man and the defenceless white woman, and see him gloat on

murder and rapine. He would gather little children to his bosom, while you would consign innocent white girls of your own race to the brutal embrace of the African. I, therefore, cannot address you as a minister of the Christian religion, or a follower of Jesus; but as a heartless, unfeeling, uncompromising knave, too wise to act without a deadly purpose, too little religion to be a bigot or a fanatic, but possessing the power to make fools and fanatics of others. In your Church "but recently you have raised money to excite insurrection in my native country," and when the damning deed was done, say with hypocritical cant, "I did not do it; that no force should be used except moral suasion." You send men to apply the torch to your neighbor's dwelling; and excite black men to murder white men, then say you only wish to liberate the SLAVE. Such conduct no reason can justify, no honest Christian can approve. Jesus Christ lived in a province of the Roman Empire and never excited feelings of anger in man against his fellow man, and never plotted treason against the government under which he lived, but said "render unto Cæsar what is Cæsar's," "servants be obedient unto your masters," and that, too, when there were sixty-three millions of white slaves in the Empire.

If, sir, your excuse for such conduct is, that you wish to confer a boon upon the human race, why prefer the black and inferior race to the white?—why spare the one and butcher the other? Why in blood instead of peace and mercy? Or, if your philanthropy must be exercised, why not begin with "your moral suasion," your bowie-knives, your Sharpe's rifles, and blood-shed in Africa, the parent country, where the field is wider and the harvest ripe? But, sir, turn in at home and look upon yourself—cleanse first the lazarus-house of your great eastern cities before you begin the work of reform in Kentucky and Virginia; and when your work is finished at home, if not partial to color, we would invite your philanthropic efforts to Asia, where there are four hundred millions more degraded than the African of your own country. Why excite men to fanatical deeds which must destroy both their country and themselves?

The South can and will make an alliance with either England or France, commercial or political, offensive and defensive, and in either case it will be utter ruin to New England and the manufacturing States. If with England, your tariff system (which has ever been oppressive to the South) will be

broken like a rope of sand and scattered to the winds, and you come at once in collision with your ancient competitor without protection, and your manufactories must be destroyed. And far worse would it be for you, for us, and the whole civilized world, if that alliance should be made with France, for then the cotton, the sugar, and all the products of the Southern States would be landed at Havre and purchased at a much higher rate, and Old England and New England would see the hand-writing on the wall.

Think you, that most sagacious and wily monarch of the French, would not see the way open to crush the commerce and manufactories of England, and make her feel that she is dependent upon her ancient enemy ; possibly feel the tread of the iron wheel of war. This opportunity offered to Louis Napoleon, and we should see three thousand Frenchmen quartered at New Orleans and at the Chesapeake, and the South would command the Mississippi Valley and whip Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois into her Southern Confederacy. At the mouth of the Ohio would be a toll-gate for the entire products of this wide and fertile country, while our railroad bridges would be burned and the tracks of every quarter would be snapped like a spider's web by the hurricane of civil war. And while the strife between England and France is impending for the mastery of both sea and land, (but for the abolitionist and negro) would be the scene of civil war, the most deadly of all wars—knife to knife, face to face, steel to steel, brother against brother, father against son, mother against child, and this fair land would bleed at every pore. Better far that the whole African race should be annihilated, and all the silly white race destroyed, and our Union and liberties perpetuated.

If the course that has been so wickedly and willfully pursued by the fanatics of the North is continued, the result will be as I have portrayed it, and your wailing for your fallen country will come too late. Pale-faced poverty and dismay will stare you in the face at every corner. Your manufactories will cease and your starving thousands will fly to a more productive and less fanatical land for bread. But should the South be unable to make an alliance with either England or France, think you she will tamely submit to Northern insult and domination ? No, never. She will command the commerce of the Mississippi river and its tributaries, and should the North, after years of bloodshed, be successful in

the contest, it will cost the North more than the price of all the negroes twice told to possess the land and life of every white man that has a soul. The South for a thousand miles holds the outlets of the Father of Waters, and will dye them and its swamps with the blood of thousands, both sons of the soil and its enemies. While there is a Lucifer match to burn your bridges, or a stone or a log to obstruct your commerce, the vengeance of the foe at midnight will be upon you. In turn, you can do much to desolate and destroy ; but you cannot damn up the Mississippi nor dip it dry. Swamp foxes will be upon you at every bayou, and even the alligators will be your enemies.

Pause, then, sir, and lift the veil of the future, which is just before you, and stay the fanatical hand now lifted to strike. If you do not, like Macbeth, your own sleep will be murdered and the sleep of thousands. You shall never wash the stain of the blood of your relatives from your own hands, the hands of your wife, or the hands of your sister, Harriett Beecher Stowe. Call around you Senator Seward, Wendell Phillips, Joshua Giddings, and Fred. Douglas, and visit your first victim in a lunatic asylum—Gerritt Smith, of New York. Call a prayer meeting and pray Old Brown and his confederates out of purgatory, perhaps from hell where all of you should have gone before. Ask God to forgive you for your wickedness, wash your filthy garments, go thy way and sin no longer against your conscience and your country's constitution. No longer lie against nature and common sense, and make negroes your equals, while you will not give your sons in marriage and negro husbands for your daughters.

Your knowledge of natural history can but convince you of the truthfulness of the best authorities, that there is no identity of the origin, no equality in mental or physical organization, and that the negro has been what he is for four thousand yesrs, and will be the same for four thousand years to come. The white man has scarcely proved the problem of self-government : the negro never has and never can.

If your honor is engaged and your conscience smites you, and you find that the records of your country implicate both Old and New England in the introduction of this unhallowed traffic, who stole them from Africa and sold them into bondage in the South ; and you wish to pay the purchase money back, with the interest of the debt, and do not wish to steal and sell them again, we would ask, where is the money to pay

for them ? Where the seven hundred millions to buy them ? Where the three hundred millions to transport them ? Where the money to sustain them as a free people ? Pay first the interest upon your railroad debt of eight hundred millions before you borrow money to buy negroes. One of these two propositions must be pursued, either to exterminate the white man and give the soil to the negro, or purchase and transport the negro, either of which is impracticable. But while you teach them to murder the white man, and violate the white woman, you will never teach them the religion of Jesus Christ, with all your babbling preachers. The boast of the people of the North that they can overrun the South is a bravado. In every mountain pass they will meet a Jackson, a Taylor, or a Leonidas, and a Marion in every swamp. The "Swamp Fox" of the Pedee and Santee of Carolina was never conquered, but defeated the armies of the then most powerful nation on the globe. They will say to you, come ; thrust in your Northern sickle, and your harvest shall be death ; you shall meet foemen worthy of your steel, to the last of their blood and their breath.

My dear sir, you mistake the position of the North and yourself—neither your moral suasion nor your Sharpe's rifle can subdue or terrify the people of the South—you look thro' a medium that magnifies yourselves, while it diminishes others. Allow me to draw the picture. The great mass of mankind who appear upon the stage of human life, seem to be born but to eat, to drink, to propagate their species and to die. Both lord and vassal, nobleman and peasant, king and subject, though widely separated in life sleep on the same pallet of death. After the surprise of youth and inexperience is over, they loiter on earth or burst like bubbles on the sea of matter, or flirt like butterflies from sweet to sweet, from flower to flower, and then disappear forever. If born to position or occupy office they are viewed in their elevation, because of their wickedness and crime, and are as odious as they are conspicuous. But some claim a diviner right made under a *higher law*, sent as Rabbi, teachers from God, to dictate the will of Heaven, who abide neither the laws of men nor the constitution of their country, whose puritanical cant and hypocrisy make them odious to every sensible and honest mind.

They may be ministers, indeed, but not ministers of the religion of Christ, but of divine vengeance, who sometimes destroy not only themselves but the people to whom they

preach. To this latter class, Mr. Beecher, allow me to say, I think you belong. Your slender virtues are so mixed up with arrogance, impudence and crime, that the most acute analysis could not discover one grain of honesty in the composition ; and if God's grace can save the sinner, the selfish hypocrite, the winged messenger of Mercy would never light on as mean a thing as you. Again, we have men who seem to be created for a higher purpose—sent on important business, sent to desolate and destroy, or to create, to build up and sustain, men not living for themselves as you do, but for the whole human race ; whose lives are the ornaments which adorn the age in which they live. If they appear either in public or private life the places they occupy are radiant with the glory of their acts ; men who are stars and suns in the pathway of life, to cheer, to guide, and to save. Not a few have adorned your profession, sir ; some have adorned mine. But the most marked and distinguished men of the past age were Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Patrick Henry, Calhoun, Clay, and Webster, most of whom were born in that State which you would desolate, and under institutions which you profess to despise. Such men are holy fathers of the church to which I belong, and if sent to hell for the enormous sin of slavery allow me the privilege of choice to go with them rather than to the heaven of the canting hypocrites, whose every act is to anathematize all but his own dogmas, and propagate error and falsehood in every step he takes in life. Such men, under the garb of religion, in every age of the world and under every form of faith, have despoiled the fairest hopes of the human race. Such men as claim to be guided by a "*higher law*" than the constitution of this country, would dash to pieces the fair fabric of our country's liberty, and lay their unhallowed, polluted hands even on the stones of the very temple of liberty ere they had grown cold from the hands of Washington and Jefferson. Such men as you, sir, would see the waves of human passion in a storm sweep over the ruins of the lighthouse of the world reared upon time's thousand miles of coast by the toil of millions of the just, the virtuous, and the wise, at whose base lie the brains and skulls of the fanatical gulls that have dashed against it. And, sir, if such men go to heaven they should carry with them every creeping thing. Such men would plot treason against virtue, and sacrifice even female honor upon the altar of their hellish designs. I do not covet such a heaven—have no desire to

walk the streets of your New Jerusalem, where I am to be saluted by the whistle of the rattlesnake and the hiss of the viper, and breathe the atmosphere poisoned by the breath of the toad and the copperhead.

This may be heaven for hypocrites and fanatics, but not for me. Many years have passed since I knew you sir, an impudent boy, and having added wickedness to impudence, you have become a more conspicuous man, while my obscurity will scarcely bring me to mind. I have wielded the knife in surgery for a profession, and whether I have won laurels or not, my history and my profession must show. But, sir, this much will I say to you, that when my country is destroyed by heartless fanatics, excited to deeds of bloodshed, the knife which has never been turned on the human family but in kindness and mercy shall be keenly whet in justice and in vengeance. My last surgical operation shall be performed on such destroying monsters, to cut from their hearts the rooted cancer, and rid the world of such canting hypocrites. I am, sir, a Huguenot Protestant of the Marion stock, the Le Grand family of France, my immediate ancestors by my mother. My father descended from a race of Scots that have never been conquered, of the Campbell clan, AND ROB ROY WAS MY COUSIN. I have never bought, or sold, or stolen, or owned a negro; I am a Kentuckian, born among slaves, and no Judas shall sell my country for silver, but he shall receive steel instead. I am a friend of the constitution and of the rights of the States, and an enemy of all disturbers of my country's peace, and, therefore, I am *your* enemy.

JOS. N. McDOWELL, M. D.

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THE MYSTERY OF NEGROPHILISM.

Under this caption, the New York "Times" publishes the following editorial—a very remarkable emanation from a Journal which has devoted its influence to the cultivation of negrophilism :

" Of all the topics now engaging the thoughts of Gods and men, the American negro is unquestionably the chief. From the lowest place in the scale of human existence, he has reached the highest; and even yet the interest in him seems

unabated. To what new honors he is reserved—to what remarkable career he is predestined—it would be a rash prophet that would attempt to foretell. But the evidences are abundant that he is the central figure of the nations—the unit of existence around which the “rest of mankind” parade themselves as mere ciphers.

“It would be hard to tell whence this extraordinary interest in the negro has come. It does not arise from his beauty, for no writer on æsthetics has ever pretended to find either beauty or grace in the shambling African. It can not be because of his illustrious or romantic history, as a race or as a nation; for classic literature is extremely barren of the records of orators, statesmen, philosophers or warriors, of negro origin. It can not be because of any physical affinity between the white race and the black, for the black has always been declared unsavory, and naturally beset by laziness and vermin. And, lastly, it can not be because of the sympathy of the whites with a weak, down-trodden, and enslaved race; for the negro of Africa, (from which the American negro was taken, is weaker to-day, and more oppressed, and nearer a barbarian cannibal, than his American cousin has ever been, and yet no Anglican Dutchees, nor American Greely, is ever heard wailing over the sorrows of the sons of Ashantee.

The passion for the American negro must be considered, therefore, entirely abnormal—a phenomenon which was defined once by a Western pioneer, as “something that never had happened before, and never would happen again.” The African in America is an exotic—he is a hot-house plant, and, like all exotics, he is valued just in proportion to the care required in his cultivation—the intrinsic value of the plant never being considered at all, and our people nurse him in their hot-house as though Africa were not teeming with millions like him—like him, truly, but with a thousand attractive variations: negroes that hunt negroes, that buy negroes, that sell negroes, that kill negroes, and that eat negroes; negroes that go naked through life, and negroes that clothe their shame with beads on their necks and rings on their fingers. Three hundred years ago we got our Africans from that unfortunate Continent which, Mr. Seward once very aptly said, “nature had fortified against civilization.” We took them naked into our land, and lo! they have come in the end to clothe the whole world. * * * It is surprising that

the Southern States wish to keep what other countries deem so valuable, and are trying so hard to get. Has not the South taught the world the value of African labor, and is not mankind better off to-day than if this discovery had never been made?

"These speculations, however, are profitless. What is there about our American negro that recommends him to the absorbing and passionate attention of the world? Why are many thousands fanatics about him, and more thousands fools about him? Is it possible that black is the primeval and regal color of the race—that Adam was a black man as well as Cain and Abel, and that Cain turned white only when caught in crime and driven out to be a vagabond on the earth? This, we know, is the faith of the dusky Gospellers of the South, and, doubtless, they are rejoicing to see the day returning when Heaven's favor will triumph over the white man's crime, and the black man will again gather fruits in tropical Edens, untroubled by visions of shovel or hoe."

YANKEE MISTAKES IN REGARD TO THE SOUTH.

The following communication, dated New Orleans, July 19, 1862, appeared in the Boston "Courier":

"We have been laboring under certain grave errors in respect to this rebellion, which it is high time were corrected.

"We have supposed there was a Union party in the South. There is none.

"We have supposed the rebellion could be quelled in this campaign. It must last for years.

"We have supposed half a million of troops were sufficient to subjugate the revolted States. It will require at least a million and a half.

"This is the most serious of all our errors—this constantly undervaluing the strength of the enemy, and over estimating our own strength. The time has arrived when we must come up to the strength of our endeavor. Not a man less than a million and a half will be necessary. We must at once take measures to raise this number of troops, or the contest will be prolonged indefinitely.

"We have supposed that after subduing the rebels, a small force would suffice to enforce obedience to the law. Such may be the case twenty years hence, but for the pres-

ent, say for the next ten years, we shall want a standing army of not less than three hundred thousand men to preserve order in the South. The people literally hate us. The women teach hatred to their children. The clergy preach hatred from the pulpit. The growing generation will be even more embittered against us than the present. Nothing but force can keep the country. For this purpose, my estimate of three hundred thousand men is moderate.

"One great source of the fatal errors we have committed, is the delusive statements furnished to the press. Here, we are compelled to suppress the truth to prevent its injurious influence on our troops. At home it is otherwise.

"If the people were apprised of all the facts in the case, their patriotism would be equal to the emergency, and we could take the field next fall with the million and a half, without which we can not expect success.

"It is most important they should know the truth, and the whole truth."

Since then, the combined forces of Pope, McClellan and Burnside have been defeated with great slaughter upon the Plains of Manassas, and forced to betake themselves, with shattered and decimated ranks, to their entrenchments and fortifications at Washington.

FOUR HUNDRED THOUSAND MEN ALREADY BURIED BEING THE LOSS IN THE NORTHERN ARMIES FOR THE FIRST YEAR AND A HALF OF THE WAR.

DEMOCRATIC MEETING IN NEW YORK—LINCOLN'S PROCLAMATION DENOUNCED.

A meeting was held at the Democratic head-quarters in New York, at which about one thousand persons were present. Hon. James Brooks, of the New York Express, first addressed the meeting. After denouncing the emancipation proclamation :

He then spoke of the second proclamation, saying to the people, If you agitate this subject you shall be put in Fort LaFayette ("Let them try it." Laughter.) It was a

proper corollary on the first. The provost marshal (hisses) of the State or city of New York, is made the judge of our loyalty, and any person's enmity may obtain the incarceration of any one of us. There are two points in the proclamation. The first is, the suspension of civil and the establishment of martial law, and the second is, the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus*.

That right which our English fathers have had since the dark ages, is annulled by a proclamation, and citizens are arrested without knowing why or wherefore. (Infamous.) Never, never, did the revolutionary fathers, who struck bright and free the sparks of liberty, delegate such power to the Executive. Could they tell that for his speech he should not be in Fort LaFayette to-morrow. (No. no.) If it was not a period of war, we should have no hesitancy in saying, "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God." (Tremendous applause.) The ballot-box is the remedy. Form huge processions, bearing the red cap of liberty, and protest, beg, and implore, a return of our liberties. (You're right.) Read the Constitution of the United States, securing to every man freedom of speech, trial by jury, and protection in his person and property. (Cheers.)

He did not propose ever to give up the Constitution, or surrender to the rebels. (Applause.) But he proposed to carry on the war on a different principle, and taking a sword in the right hand and the Constitution in the left, and save the country through the Constitution. (Cheers) He would surround the rebels, and leave treason to sting itself to death. This geographical idea of overrunning the Southern territory with unacclimated Northern men, is a theory the most fatal. He abhorred secession and abolition equally. Jeff. Davis was a rebel only two years old ; Wendell Phillips is, by his own confession, a rebel twenty years old. (Applause.)—With the exception of the little Republic of San Marino on a peak of the Appenines, we are the only Republic now in existence, and we are working out the grand problem. Tyrants in Europe are using all their power to subvert our principles. More than ever now is it necessary to impress upon the Northern mind, that "Liberty, liberty, liberty and Union, now and forever, are one and inseparable." (Cheers.)

Mr. Schenable, who was imprisoned in Fort LaFayette, then addressed the meeting.

Mr. Lincoln, he said, will be supported by all when he

acts Constitutionally. (Applause.) We have already buried 400,000 men or more, and saddled the country with a debt nearly equal to Great Britain's. There was a time when, if a few men had been treated for their attempts at destroying the labor and peace of this country, as loyal men have since been treated, be imprisoned, this might have been prevented. (Applause.) The clap-trap knavery of the Secretary of State is double-tongued, like the serpent. When he utters anything, he shapes it in such a way that, if the party he belongs to turns a back somerset to-morrow, he can swear just as well by his interpretation, as he can by the position of the party to-day. When imprisoned in Fort LaFayette, he was offered his freedom on condition of taking a certain oath, which closed as follows : " And you do further swear that you will never, by writing or public speaking, throw any obstacles in the way of whatever measures this Administration may see fit to adopt." (Laughter and hisses.) He refused to take that oath. (Great applause.)

The time is coming when he would revenge himself.—(Cheers.) Remember that free speech will not be crushed. ("No, never.") Imprisonment may begin again, but at last we will be triumphant. Men must depend upon public orators and the public press, and they must judge how near they are right. God Almighty himself, when amid the darkness of chaos He laid the stagnant waters in order, said, " Let there be light." (Applause.) And now, amidst the moral, and civil, and political chaos of our country, let the battle-cry of the Democracy be, " Let there be light."—(Cheers.) If the free Northern white man is to lose his liberty in the atrocious effort to make the descendant of Ham his equal, then it is high time that we begin to investigate whether the teachings of the party which is bringing about this damnable result, are right or wrong. The doctrine announced by Simon Cameron, the great Winnebeg plunderer, who has robbed the Government coffers more than any criminal that ever disgraced the annals of a court of justice, as the only plan by which he could save his ill-gotten gains, was the obliteration of State lines and the elevation of a man of perpetual power, like the arbitrary Louis Napoleon, or some one backed up by the Abolitionists, like that monstrous jackass, John Charles Fremont. (Laughter and applause.) The experience of history teaches us that whenever, from generation to generation, you bend the knee of the la-

boring classes of a country to a power beyond their reach, in a little while the child, following the parent's example, adopts the genuflection and submits, until at length the chains are bound upon it without any chance of breaking.—It is almost the history of poor Ireland. It is the natural effect of the operations of tyranny.—*Sept., 1862.*

EUROPEAN OPINION OF BUTLER'S PROCLAMATION.

The following, from a very influential London Journal, is one of the severest invectives upon the conduct of Butler, the Beast, that we have seen. In this country we have become so accustomed to the diabolical courses of the enemy, that our sensibilities are perhaps a little blunted, and we may sometimes fail to do justice to the occasion. This English writer, however, does not fail to see Butler's late order in its true light, and to denounce it as it deserves :

From the London Saturday Review, June 14.

GEN. BENJAMIN F. BUTLER.

The proclamation of Gen. Butler, at New Orleans, has been read in England with a horror which no other event in this deplorable civil war has created. The attention it has excited in Parliament inadequately represents the general feeling of indignation among us. It is difficult to conceive that a civilized man can have written it, or that civilized man can have been found to carry it out. This is not a generation in which men shudder at the ordinary horrors and brutalities of war. The experience of the last ten years has taught us, as actors, as sufferers, and as bystanders, that war is not made of rose-water. It is hard to set a limit to the horrors which rough, uneducated men, with their passions strung to the highest point, will commit in the first revelry of success. But such excesses have been usually confined to the first sack of a stormed town—and they have always, among civilized nations, been the result, not of a commander's order, but of the ungovernable brute impulses of the men. They have been always checked and disavowed by commanding officers, not only as demoralizing to their troops, but as a blot upon the flags under which they were committed. In dealing with women, even the sternest commanders

have, as a rule, been gentle. No conqueror but has had to face their unarmed hostility, all the bitterer and bolder that it was secure of impunity. In some cases it may have been firmly though mildly checked—in most instances it has been contemptuously passed by. Banishment from the places where their expressions of opinion might be embarrassing, has usually been the extremest measure of rigor to which they have been exposed. Occasionally, the animosity of some peculiarly brutal officer has hurried him beyond this limit, and he has inflicted upon women the punishments that are reserved for men. Such an instance was the well-known case of Haynau. But the execrations of all Europe spurned the perpetrator of that outrage, and rest upon his name even to this day. Yet his offense against humanity was light, compared to that of which Gen. Butler has been guilty. He outraged but one victim, and his cruelty left no stain upon her fame. No commander of any civilized nation in the world, up to this time, has carried his contempt for manly feeling so far, as deliberately, for the purposes of repression, long after the excitement of battle was over, to let loose the lusts of men upon the women who had fallen into his hands. In this, as in other matters, the Model Republic has been the bearer of a new revelation to mankind. The Northerners are fond of boasting that they have to deal with a larger civil war than ever before in history, started into being in the course of a single year, and that they have made themselves liable for a larger debt than any other State ever contracted in ten times the same period. To these just subjects of exultation, they may now add the gratifying reflection that they have by far the most ruffianly commander the world ever saw or dreamed of. If any thing can add to the atrocity of Gen. Butler's proclamation, it is the slenderness of the provocation that called it forth. Even if the ladies of New Orleans had been detected conspiring in favor of the cause for which their husbands and brothers are fighting, it would have left an indelible infamy upon his name, that he had attempted to punish them by subjecting them to the foulest dishonor a woman can undergo. But they have not been punished for conspiring. Their only offense has been that, "by gesture or word, they have expressed contempt for Federal officers and soldiers." The Federal officers appear to be thin-skinned in the war of words—they find it an unequal combat.

The sarcasms of quick-witted French women, reinforced, possibly, by the suggestion of their own consciences, have made them feel more keenly than they had felt before, the blood-thirsty hypocrisy of their leaders. They feel even that derisive smiles are more than they can bear. If they are to continue to fight only with the same weapons, they are conscious that they may as well retire from the field altogether. But they have a weapon sharper than words, more cutting than sneering glances. They have an instrument in their armory which can tame the most taunting tongue, and quell the proudest woman's heart.

Physically, they are the strongest, and therefore it is always in their power to inflict dishonor—that dishonor to which every woman is liable—of which no words can measure the hideous depth, and which no later reparation can efface. True, it is a kind of revenge which no man above the rank of a savage would employ. But what of that? The Federals have already shown to the world that they have a special interpretation of the word Freedom, as well as of the word Bravery. It only remains for them to show that they have also a special interpretation of the word Honor. And it will be a sweet re-payment for all the insults they have endured, to hear the taunting accents change into sobs of despairing supplication—to see the disdainful cheek mantled with the blush of hopeless, helpless shame. Accordingly, Gen. Butler issues his edict—"Any lady who shall, by word or gesture, express contempt of any Federal officer or soldier," shall be liable, without protection or redress, to be treated as common prostitutes are treated. Gen. Butler spares us the details of that treatment—for the Americans are a very decent people. He is, no doubt, fully conscious that the insulted officers and men will need no special instructions. It may be said this is no affair of ours, and that if Gen. Butler and his officers choose to treat the ladies of a city they have conquered, as Alaric's soldiers treated the nuns of Rome, or as the Sepoys are said to have treated our countrymen at Delhi, it does not concern us in England.—It may be so. At least our indignation and our sympathy must be alike barren of practical result. We may be told, as we have been told before, that if we censure Americans with the freedom we have been wont to use towards Englishmen, we shall embitter a powerful nation against our country, that we shall be sowing seed of hatred that we shall

reap in war. It is very possible. If generals in supreme command are so thin-skinned, that, to suppress a sarcasm or a gibe, they are content to perpetrate an outrage to which the history of modern warfare can present no parallel, it is likely enough that they may wince at the out-spoken language in which English politicians and English journalists record their judgment against deeds of infamy. Yet it has not been the habit of those who guide opinion here to modify their censures of wrong on account of the sensitiveness or the power of the wrong doer. The cruelty of Minsk, the horrors of the Neapolitan prisons, the threatened bombardment of Palermo—all called forth a prompt and powerful reprobation from English writers and speakers. But none of these outrages will leave upon those who contrived them so deep a stain as that which this New Orleans proclamation fixed upon Gen. Butler's name. The crimes of European despots have either been justified by some precedent of State craft or of war, or were palliated by the barbarism of the people among whom they were committed. But this Republican proceeding was done among the people for whom their maudlin advocates here claim a special enlightenment and a peculiar courtesy towards women, and is justified by no precedent, or vestige of precedent, in the horrible annals either of despotic repression or warlike excess. Tilly and Wallenstein have not left in history a character for exaggerated tenderness—but no such disgrace as this attaches to their name. The late Grand Duke Constantine was not a sentimental Governor. It is said of him that, on one occasion, he sent to prison the husbands of all the Polish ladies of rank who refused to dance with Russian officers at a State ball. But when we come to speak of guilt such as that of the Republican general, even Constantine's blood-stained crime is spotless. He would have driven from his presence any officer—if any such European officer could have been found—who should have suggested to him the decree that the Polish Countesses might be treated as “women of the town.” We can do nothing in England to arrest such proceedings. We can only learn from them what South America might have taught us already—how civil war can double its horrors when waged by a Government of Democratic origin. But, at all events, we can wash our hands of complicity in this guilt. Unless the author of this infamous proclamation is promptly recalled, let us hear no more of the “ties that

bind us to our trans-Atlantic kinsmen." No Englishman ought to own as kinsmen, men who attempt to protect themselves from the tongues of a handful of women, by official and authoritative threats of rape. The bloodiest savages could do nothing more cruel—the most loathsome Yahoo of the fiction could do nothing more filthy.

BUTLER'S PROCLAMATION.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

It is ordered, that, hereafter, when any female shall, by word, gesture, or movement, insult or show contempt for any officer or soldier of the United States, *she shall be regarded and held liable to be treated as a woman of the town plying her vocation.—Butler's order at New Orleans.*

Aye ! drop the treacherous mask ! throw by
The cloak, which veiled thine instincts fell,
Stand forth, thou base, incarnate Lie,
Stamped with the signet brand of Hell !
At last we view thee as thou art,
A Trickster with a Demon's heart.

Off with disguise ! no quarter now
To rebel honor ! thou wouldst strike
Hot blushes up the anguish brow,
And murder fame and strength alike :
Beware ! ten millions hearts aflame,
Will burn with hate thou can't not tame !

We know thee now ! we know thy Race !
Thy dreadful purpose stands revealed,
Naked, before the Nation's face !—
Comrades ! let Mercy's front be sealed,
While the black Banner courts the wind,
And cursed be he who lags behind !

O ! soldiers !—husbands, brothers, sires !
Think that each stalwart blow ye give
Shall quench the rage of lustful fires,
And bid your glorious women live
Pure from a wrong whose tainted breath,
Were fouler than the foulest death.

O ! soldiers !—lovers, Christians, men !
Think that each breeze that floats and dies
O'er the red field, from mount or glen,
Is burdened with a maiden's sighs—
And each false soul that turns to flee,
Consigns his Love to infamy !

Think ! and strike home !—the fabled might
Of Titans, were a feeble power
To that with which your arms should smite,
In the next awful battle hour !
And deadlier than the bolts of Heaven,
Should flash your Fury's fatal levin !

No pity! let your thirsty brands
 Drink their warm fill at Caitiff veins:
 Dip deep in blood your wrathful hands,
 Nor pause to wipe those crimson stains,
 Slay! Slay! with ruthless sword and will—
 The God of vengeance bids you "kill!"

Yea! but there's *one who shall not die*
In battle harness! One for whom
 Lurks in the darkness silently
 Another, and a sterner Doom;
 A warrior's end should crown the brave—
 For *him*, swift cord! and felon grave!

A loathsome charnel vapors melt,
 Swept by invisible winds to nought,
 So, may this fiend of lust and guilt,
 Die like a nightmare's hideous thought!
 Nought left to mark the monster's name,
 Save—immortality of shame!

THE ENEMY ACKNOWLEDGES A SEVERE WHIPPING.

THEY RESORT TO LYING TO RALLY THE MEN.

"Bravery of the Rebel Troops."

The Yankees, as will be seen by the following, are sometimes compelled, against their will, to tell the truth. The subjoined article, from its special correspondent, appeared in the Cincinnati "Inquirer," of August 4th :

The rebel army made two attacks, one from the right and one from the left; both were equally determined and fierce, but the one on the right was by far the shortest and the most magnificent. After driving in our skirmishers on the right, (Company E, from New Hampshire, Sharpshooters,) the rebels shelled us terribly. For an hour it was hell personified, but to one who has never been under fire of batteries, shooting these most infernal of all contrivances, shells, it is an utter waste of time to attempt to convey a realizing sense of what the words "being shelled" mean. All at once the bombarding ceased, and an ominous silence ensued. From experience we knew what was coming, and anxiously gazed at the woods to see from what point they would emerge.—Every nerve was braced for the coming hand to hand deadly struggle. In a moment, as it were, the woods on the right were filled with a dense mass of human beings, and in another moment, a long, steady line advanced firmly and quickly

into the open space. What daring! What madness! Infantry charging immense batteries at a distance of half a mile over a level plain raked by nearly forty cannon.—Throwing aside all aid from their own cannon and cavalry, they desperately formed on an open plain, and pitted themselves against our infantry, cannon and cavalry. It was sublime—and forgetful of all else save their boundless courage and daring, I swung my hat and cheered till the tears ran from my eyes.

The moment they hove in sight, twelve Parrot guns and four large howitzers begun the dreadful work of death and destruction; covered with dust, whole companies, as it were, going down at every discharge, the cannon playing quicker and faster; still they closed up their shattered ranks, and advanced further and further into that awful arch of certain death; shot and shell, canister and grape, mowed them down, yet, firmly as ever did the veterans of Napoleon, they advanced and faltered not. Already the remnant had reached so near that the loud, clear tones of the officers could be distinctly heard, and the batteries seemed doomed. Thousands were killed, but hundreds survived. The guns were doomed. I held my breath, when lo! right from under their faces in the long grass came a volley from our gallant men, who up to that time had laid concealed in a little ravine, or rather ditch. Flesh and blood could stand no more. They broke and fled, and our men lay down again while the terrible cannon hurled destruction into the fleeing mass. Three fourths of that brigade were left on that field, and all I have related did not occupy more than ten minutes. It must be confessed that their discipline equals ours, if it is not superior, and braver men than their officers do not live. This talk about the rebels not fighting is played out. In fact, the whole North has been humbugged with stupendous falsehoods concerning the South. Why should they not fight as well as we? Are they not one and the same? This system of misrepresentation has gone far enough.

We were whipped at Gaines' Mills, and our army a rabble. The cavalry appeared on our right, and appeared anxious to charge on the bridge in our rear. They could have done it easily. Then the whole army would have been ruined, and the Southern Confederacy a fixed fact. It was the most critical moment of the battle or the war. A beaten army, a bridge and morass in the rear, a stampede, add to

that a charge by three thousand cavalry on the bridge, and any one may see the terrible result. To Col. Berdan is due the most of the credit of saving the army. Rallying the men, forming a nucleus, he began to inspire the men with the idea that all was not lost. Still they wavered. Officers and men were forced into the ranks; others, assured by the Colonel, assisted him in the terrible struggle, not to win the day, but to save the army. At length, eleven lines were formed, and at this critical juncture the cavalry appeared on our right. They had not seen our rout, and supposed the lines were reinforcements. They were not decided, and appeared to be calculating the chances. On their decision depended the fate of every thing. Col. Berdan seeing this, ordered an aid to the rear and galloped up announcing that Richmond was taken. He did so, and the effect was magical. The men cheered, flags were waved, and the cavalry, thinking our whole army was there, halted, and we were saved. When they afterwards learned from prisoners the real state of the case, their mortification was excessive.—General Morrell thanked Col. Berdan, and gave him the credit of having saved the army, as he indeed had done.

It was the turning point. Generals in the front could not have seen it. Luckily, Col. Berdan was equal to the emergency. It is impossible to portray the effort required to stop the tide of ten thousand retreating men. You can only comprehend that it was done, the Cavalry charge averted, the bridge kept, and the army saved.

Tuesday night we slept on the battle-field. No meat had we seen—nothing but hard bread for five whole days. The night was as cold as the day was warm. We had no blankets nor overcoats, our clothes were wringing wet with perspiration, and now most frozen upon us. But soon came the sad scenes of the Chickahominy, leaving our wounded comrades. At 3 A. M. we were aroused, and began our weary march to Harrison's Landing. As I left the field—I was one of the very last—the wounded had just begun to comprehend what was going on. "Are you going to leave us?" "Can't we hold the ground?" they asked. When answered that they were to be abandoned, they set up a most miserable cry. They wept, prayed, blasphemed, and besought us not to leave them. No one even to give their fevered bodies a drop of water—no one to care for them. I pass hastily over this scene, but I never shall forget the poor boys rais-

ing up a little and gazing at us with eyes expressing only utter despair as we filed slowly out of sight. (It is but justice to add to this that the rebels, as far as we know, treated our wounded as well as they could.)—*Richmond Enquirer*, Sept. 1st., 1862.

THE WOMEN OF THE REVOLUTION.

We copy the following beautiful tribute to the Ladies of the South, from the “Richmond Christian Advocate :”

The women of the South have distinguished themselves during the war. In respect to courage, patience, self-denial, active benevolence, and the most refined illustrations of patriotism, they have clothed themselves with honor. The fact is not less gratifying to national pride than inspiring to virtuous deeds. The whole country feels the influence of these noble heroines. In every department of usefulness accessible to her, the Southern woman has been found a generous volunteer, sparing herself no toil or trials, always ready to spend her all to purchase blessings for her country. It has been poetically said, that woman’s union with men was as “*perfect music set to noble words.*” In our present struggle she has unquestionably furnished the “music”—whose inspiring tones and consoling melody have animated the healthful and cheered the sick. From her has flowed the music of our revolution. To be sure, some of the women, like some of the men, have been behind the times, weak, wavering, and failing in the time of trial, illustrating selfishness rather than patriotism; but tens of thousands of them have borne witness for right and liberty at every hazard. The character of a people has no better index than that which is furnished in the character of their women. From their intelligence, refinement and *morale*, we may easily infer the social standard of the nation. It is, therefore, exceedingly gratifying to discover such abundant evidence of the elevated society of the South, as that which is supplied in the character and influence of our women. We could tell of many individual instances in which the daughters of the South have exhibited their greatness of soul. The whole land is full of such facts. There is not a place of trial in the history of the Southern Confederacy which does not show a record of honor for Southern women: while battles rage,

her hands prepare the lint and bandages, and her heart is uplifted to the God of battles for victory; in [the hospitals, where there is

“Gathered about her the harvest,
Of Death in his ghastliest view,”

she moves bravely, untiringly, as a ministering angel: at home she prepares clothing for the absent soldier, while her letters of comfort and good cheer, her appeals to all that is noble and Christianly in his character, clothe him with strength in the day of battle. We have read of nothing in the early history of our country that is more creditable to the women than what we have seen and heard since this fierce war has been in progress. Let them not be weary in well-doing! Wheresoever the story of this great conflict shall be told in the earth, this shall be told as a memorial of her—that “she hath done what she could!”

LINCOLN AND HIS PROCLAMATION.

Abraham Lincoln's Proclamation, ordaining servile insurrection in the Confederate States, has not been for a moment misunderstood, either North or South. After undertaking to destroy four thousand millions of our property at a dash of the pen, Lincoln proceeds to say:

“And the Executive Government of the United States, including the Military and Naval authority thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom.”

This is as much as to bid the slaves rise in insurrection, with the assurance of the aid of the whole Military and Naval power of the United States. The New York “Times,” while applauding the wisdom of the proclamation, says:

“From now till the first of January—the day when this proclamation will take effect—is little over three months. What may happen between now and then, in the progress of the war, it is hard to say. We earnestly hope, however, that by that time the rebellion will be put down by the military hand, and that *the terrible element of slave insurrection may not be invoked.*”

Deliberately, and with full purpose, our enemies have entered upon this step.

Is there any one who has not reflected upon the nature of the agency which Lincoln now invokes? A servile war is necessarily one of extermination, and the peculiar character of the negro adds to its inevitable horrors. Released from authority, he is at once a savage; and the very ignorance which drives him to his own destruction, stimulates him to the darkest excesses. How was it in Southampton County in 1831, when Nat. Turner engaged in the work to which Lincoln now invites? Not satisfied with murdering the few men who fell into their power, they massacred even the babe in the cradle. They in this manner exterminated the family of Mr. Travis, Turner's kind and indulgent master. Next Mrs. Waller and her *ten* children were slain, and piled in a heap. Near by, a school of little girls was captured, and all massacred except one, who escaped. The family of Mrs. Vaughan was next destroyed. In this manner, between Sunday night and Monday noon, they had murdered fifty-five persons, nearly all of whom were women and children.

This is the sort of work Lincoln desires to see. This is the agency which Lincoln now invokes! It is one which the most callous highwayman should shudder to employ. This is now his war-cry! It is "as if the [vilest fiend] that fell, had raised the battle-cry of hell!"

Butler has been called infamous—by common consent he is known as the Beast. But Butler is a saint compared to his master. In addition to all that Butler authorized, Lincoln adds butchery—even the butchery of *babes!* Language is too poor to furnish a name for such a character. Nay, the whole catalogue of dishonoring epithets is not sufficient to do justice to it. "Murderer" is a term of honor compared to Lincoln's crime. "Child and woman murderer" tells but a part of the story. To this is added the cowardice of employing an agent. To this belongs the additional fact that the agent, when unloosed, is a savage. To this is added the further fact that Lincoln dooms his agent to destruction.—What shall we call him?—coward? assassin? savage?—the murderer of women and babes, and the false destroyer of his own deluded allies? Shall we consider these as all embodied in the word "fiend!" and shall we call him *that?* Lincoln, the Fiend!—let history take hold of him, and let the civilized world fling its scorpion lash upon him!

We have described Lincoln's *intentions* and *wishes* towards us. We have shown what terrors he would let loose, *if he*

could. He is as bad as if his power corresponded with his avowed design. But, thank Heaven, we are not delivered over to his will! We are abundantly able to maintain a salutary domestic authority at the same time that our armies meet Lincoln's in the field. Lincoln would simply drive our servants to destruction. Cheerful and happy now, he plots their death. An insurrection is their swift destruction.—How was it in the long-hatched Southampton case to which we have referred? Sunday night the insurrectionists began their work. Monday at noon they were in full flight and hiding in the swamps. It needs hardly be asked how they fared. They suffered a terrible retribution. They were hunted like wild beasts, as they were, and were at first killed where ever found. Several of these murderers of women and children were taken to the Cross Keys, and their heads cut off on the spot; afterwards, captives were tried and hung—among them Nat. Turner, the leader. Some innocent ones are believed to have perished with the guilty.

So it will ever be with servile insurrections, if attempted here. They can gain no foothold, with proper vigilance.—They will, at any rate, be as swiftly suppressed as a common riot, and terrible punishment will fall on the guilty. But what does the Fiend care for that? He is the common enemy of white and black.

The efforts of the Fiend to breed discontent can be readily counteracted and provided against if we are vigilant, as we must be. The County Courts or Military Authorities must establish suitable patrols for the preservation of the public peace. The men of a neighborhood, even if there be but a few, and if they be infirm, must keep fire-arms, and form a neighborhood guard, if necessary. A very little organization and preparation, with vigilance, will suffice to counter-vail all the efforts of the emissaries whom the Fiend may send, and to overawe all turbulence. These things must be duly attended to.

Our military operations are henceforth to assume a very grave character. The Fiend's new programme will, necessarily, destroy all terms between us. The next campaign will be a tremendous one, both for the character and the magnitude of the hostilities. Let our authorities prepare the whole strength of our people for the tremendous shock. The enemy is making giant preparations, as well as issuing fiendish proclamations. We must respond with equal energy.

If we do, we are safe, now and ever. If we do not, we shall be lost. But we *will* do it, and we will *not* lose it! What says Congress and the Executive?

The Washington City Republican, in commenting on the Fiend's late proclamation, says:

"At any rate, the military method of subduing the rebellion has been tried, and *utterly failed*; and if the policy of Congress is not effectual, *no other remains*.

"The President has even gone beyond the legislation of Congress, although not beyond their known wishes."

The above is a confession which we hardly expected to be made. The *last* chance is now to be tried, and will fail also!

THE FEDERALS' BOMBARDMENT OF VICKSBURG---PROVIDENCE PROTECTS THE INNOCENT.

The remarkable escape of the people of Vicksburg during the bombardment is one of the most wonderful illustrations of the protecting care of an overruling Providence that has yet been recorded in the history of time. For ten weeks did their mortar fleet lay off before this city and hurl their fiery missiles into our midst without effecting any serious injury. Notwithstanding their boastful threats that they could lay this little city in ashes in two hours under the fury of their combined fleet, Vicksburg still stands, apparently as sound as ever. The power of their gunboats has vanished; the prestige and dash of their mortar fleet is broken; the glory of their navy is departed; their trip on the Mississippi was a barren one. But their main object, their pet idea, the destruction of Vicksburg, was, above all, the object of their hearts' desire; and in it they made a humiliating failure. All the power of every mortar, rifle, siege gun, small arms, grape, canister, round shot, rifle shell, liquid shell, hot shell—from the minie ball to the hundred and ninety pound bomb shell, all were hurled with the concentrated fury of the combined fleets against this devoted city. During the storm of fire, iron, sulphur, and all the hellish combinations of Yankee ingenuity, on the morning of the 28th of June, the constant, unbroken, and deafening roar, the reverberating echoes from the forests, the howling of the rifle balls in their passage through the air, the clouds of dust they rais-

ed when they struck the earth with a force that shivered everything they hit; the whirring of fragments of shell as they flew from the elevated points of explosion, and the continuous sheet of flame on the river, all combined, to render it the most terrific pyrotechnic exhibition ever witnessed. Indeed it is fair to assert that the like was never before witnessed. The accounts given by the enemy themselves say that the world had never witnessed a bombardment like this.

Their combined fleets, composed of the pride and boast of the Federal navy—their armament, all consisting of the latest, most improved and destructive instruments of gunnery, manned by the most experienced adepts, urged by all the considerations and inducements of booty and beauty, and driven by the most savage, wanton, brute force, which was further augmented by the mortification at seeing their efforts so fruitless and abortive. The prestige of their first class sloops-of-war, Hartford, Richmond, Brooklyn, Iroquois, and Oneida, the boast of their mortar fleet, and the terror of their gunboats had forsaken them. It has been aptly said that if all the thunder-storms that a man has ever heard in his life were concentrated into a space of three hours, it would not equal the tumultuous roar of that eventful morning. The very earth shuddered, the forest trembled, and the buildings rattled as if shaken by a hurricane. Such is an imperfect picture of the terrific bombardment on the morning of the 28th, and again on the evening of the 15th July.

In the midst of this storm did our gallant and noble Gen. Van Dorn issue an address to the brave defenders of Vicksburg, aptly saying that all this tumult was "sound and fury, signifying nothing." At the time but few of our people were willing to agree with this sentiment; but after the firing had ceased, an examination of the casualties was had, and it was ascertained that but two lives were lost, and that the city was but little injured. All became reconciled to the timely assertion that it *was* all "sound and fury, signifying nothing."

Truly did a kind Providence preside over the destinies of this city and her people in those trying times. Surely may we congratulate ourselves that there was more than one—even more than five righteous left in this city at the time our enemies attempted its destruction. That anything should live in such a fiery ordeal—that a building should remain standing and uninjured, is truly wonderful and mysterious. Yet but two lives were lost, and no serious damage resulted

to the city, while our batteries were entirely unharmed and untouched. If ever a community had occasion to offer thanksgiving to their Creator for Providential protection it must surely be the case here. Like in times of old, when the king had a golden image and commanded all the people to bow down and worship it, and Shadrac, Meschac, and Abednego, who refused to obey his decree, were cast into a burning fiery furnace, their God delivered them without even the smell of fire upon their hair. So did our enemies set up a golden image at Washington, and ordered the people of Vicksburg to fall down and worship him, and, upon their refusal to do so their houses were to be burned down, their property destroyed, their wives and little ones to be slaughtered, and the last vestige of their beautiful city was to be wiped from off the face of the earth. The people were here true to their trust, and, like the three faithful men of old, refused to worship the idol which our enemy had set up, and a storm of iron, and fire, and brimstone, and all the deadly contrivances of a wicked and perverse nation were let loose upon the devoted city and her faithful people, and instead of harming them, its fury was hurled back upon the aggressors and smote them by the scores. Like Daniel in the lion's den, the people were safe in the midst of the deadly missiles of destruction ; the power of doing harm seems to have been taken from the shells, and balls, and slugs as they were hurled into the city, and the destruction of life and property resulted almost entirely to the side of our remorseless foe, while Vicksburg stands triumphant and almost unscathed amidst the fiery tempest. Surely a divine Providence protects the just and the innocent.—*Vicksburg Citizen, Aug. 14th.*

THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG AND THE LESSON IT TEACHES.

In all the history of the great struggle for liberty, in which the Southern people are engaged, no page will contain a prouder record than that which tells of the heroic defence of Vicksburg. Her citizens, self-banished from their homes—those homes given up to destruction—life, property, domestic happiness, all sacrificed upon the altar of country, rather than permit the foul pollution of their soil by the ruthless foe. Such heroism is sublime—it is worthy of a people struggling to be free ; it gives strength to the faith of the

hopeful, rebukes the craven, dispirits the disloyal, and furnishes a bright example everywhere.

Oh, that the places which have succumbed to Yankee power, wielded from Yankee gunboats, had possessed the indomitable courage and patriotism of proud little Vicksburg ! We would then have been spared many a record of disaster and regret. But it is useless to mourn the fate of those fallen cities ; they are in the hands of a powerful enemy, and must patiently bide the time when our victorious armies, having driven the enemy from our soil shall be prepared to rescue them from the hands of the tyrants who now hold them and rule them with a rod of iron. We can only hope that for the future there will be no more Nashvilles, and New Orleans to record, but that every place threatened by the vandal foe shall prove a Vicksburg or a Richmond to them.

The fall of Donelson, of Nashville, of New Orleans, and of Memphis, had a most depressing effect upon our people for a time. That was the night of defeat. The day of victory has again dawned ; and it is to be hoped that the successes which have been inaugurated at Richmond, at Vicksburg, and in Arkansas, will be rapidly followed up by our Government. This it has promised to do. We have faith that it will. Then, the people must give it their aid and approval. There must be no second Manassas supineness because of our great victories—no langor because of hoped for and anticipated foreign aid.

To these things we should shut our eyes. We must bring ourselves to the belief that there is no hope for Southern Independence but in Southern hearts and Southern arms. We must feel that war is the great business in hand, and strengthen the hands of the Government with men and money, by all the honorable means within our power. Blows must fall thick and fast—and, as soon as possible, these blows must be given beyond the borders of the Confederacy, whither President Davis has promised to lead his gallant and victorious army. We must sustain the credit of the government and frown down all efforts to depreciate the currency, or to bring suffering upon our people by improper speculations and cruel extortions. Following this as our programme for the future—emulating the example of glorious little Vicksburg—and with a firm reliance upon Divine Providence, we may hope that hostilities may not be continued for a long time—we may hope that the day of peace is not as far dis-

tant as many fear—and that our enemies seeing the hopelessness of the task which they have undertaken, will gladly acknowledge our independence.

Then, free from all foreign interferences—owing obligations to no foreign Government for our nationality—we shall be a free people indeed, and be enabled to dictate our own terms to those who wish to establish commercial relations and enjoy the profits of a trade with the South.

Another lesson that Vicksburg teaches, is the folly of being frightened by Yankee gunboats. Properly constructed batteries at eligible points, commanded by competent officers and manned by brave men, it is now fully demonstrated, are fully able to withstand the attacks of the dreaded gunboats and their noisy shells. Let us hope that the lessons which gallant Vicksburg so nobly teaches, will be heeded and learned with profit.—*Constitutionalist.*

Federal Loss 95,000 men in a Campaign of two weeks, besides vast quantities of Stores and Munitions of War.

Losses of the two Armies.—The Balance Sheet.

The Richmond *Dispatch* contains a long and interesting exhibit of the two Armies from the crossing of the Rapidan to the close of recent operations on the Potomac. We give an extract:

The government has accurate lists of our killed, wounded, and missing. From the Rapidan, all through the campaign to Harper's Ferry, they number about 11,500. At Sharpsburg our loss was about 5000. But suppose we had lost 30,000, as McClellan's lying reports indicate. Suppose, too, he lost no more than he allows, that is to say, fourteen thousand seven hundred and ninety-six men, at Sharpsburg and in the preceding engagements. Still his campaign is an unprofitable one, for his losses are nearly as great as ours, even according to his own statement. At Harper's Ferry he lost 11,500; at Sharpsburg 14,796; at Harper's Ferry again, 300 killed, wounded, and drowned, and 500 prisoners. Here his losses are 29,796 certain—part ascertained from his own statement, part from the statement of our Generals—and he does

not claim to have inflicted on us a loss of more than 30,000 —balance in his favor, 204 men. He claims 13 guns. We took 73 at Harper's Ferry. Balance in our favor, 60 guns. Taking the whole campaign, even on this statement, from the Rapidan to Winchester, it is enormously in our favor. Still more is it so when we look at it through the medium of other statements combined with his.

Let us see what will be the result if we take our own statements for our losses and their statements for their losses.

Our loss in the whole campaign, from the Rapidan to the recrossing into Virginia, was, according to the statement of Mr. Crocker, about 11,500 killed, wounded, and missing. The Yankee loss at Harper's Ferry was, according to their own admission, the same. These, two, then, balance each other, and all the rest is clear gain for us. First, they admit a loss of 3,000 at Cedar Run; (they *actually* lost more, nearly 7,000.) Pope says they lost in the battle of the 29th of August 8,000. The Baltimore Sun (or American, we do not recollect which, but we published the statement at the time) says they lost 17,000 in all the campaign up to the second battle of Manassas, which would give 6,000 for the battle of the 28th. Pope, we believe, says they lost 7,000 men at Manassas. (Gen. Lee, by-the-by, paroled that number on the field.) McClellan says they lost 14,796 at South Mountain and Antietam. Lastly at the crossing, when they were attacked by A. P. Hill, they lost 2,500 killed, wounded, and missing. Total, in round numbers, according to their own statements with regard to their own losses, 42,000 clear balance in our favor.

But the real loss was far greater. General Lee paroled 7,000 prisoners on the field of battle at Manassas. Three thousand wounded prisoners who were captured by us had not had their wounds dressed on the third day after the battle. Every man who saw the field says there were at least five dead or wounded Yankees to one Confederate. Every man who saw the field of Sharpsburg says there were five or six Yankees lying there to one Confederate. A correspondent of the New York Tribune says McClellan lost 28,000 men there. This, we have no doubt, is within the mark, for McClellan has never yet acknowledged the half of his loss on a single occasion. His loss on the 14th all Confederate accounts put down at at least 5,000. Here, then, is a statement of what we believe to be very nearly the loss of the Yankees since Jackson first crossed the Rapidan;

From the Rapidan to the 30th August.....	20,000
Battle 30th August.....	27,000
Battle 14th September.....	5,000
Battle Sharpsburg.....	28,000
Battle with A. P. Hill.....	3,500
Capture of Harper's Ferry.....	11,500
<hr/>	
Total.....	95,000

Such we believe to be very nearly the true state of the case. We believe that killed, wounded, drowned, and taken prisoners, the Yankees have lost in the campaign from the Rapidan, at least that number of men, and we give our reasons above for thinking so. How many more they have lost from disease we cannot say ; but that the campaign has been to them a terribly destructive one does not admit of a doubt. They pretend to have won a great victory at Sharpsburg. If so, why do they not follow Gen. Lee and destroy his army ? They boasted of their intention to do so, yet they have not tried it.—*Chattanooga Rebel.*



GEN. BRAGG'S ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE OF THE NORTH-WEST.

Gen. Bragg has issued from his head-quarters at Bardstown, Ky., one of the strongest addresses which has been issued by any military man during this war. It is addressed to "The people of the Northwest." He assures them that the Confederate Government is waging this war with no design of conquest, but "to secure peace and the abandonment by the United States of its pretensions to *govern a people who never have been their subjects*, and who prefer self-government to a union with them." "He further assures them that the Confederate Government and people deprecating civil strife from the beginning, and anxious for a peaceful adjustment of all differences growing out of a political separation, which they deemed essential to their happiness and well being, at the moment of its inauguration sent commissioners to Washington to treat for these objects, but that their commissioners were not received or even allowed to communicate the object of their mission ; and that on a subsequent occasion a communication from the President of the Confederate States to President Lincoln remained without answer, although a reply was prom-

ised by Gen. Scott, into whose hands the communication was delivered.

That among the pretexts urged for the continuance of the war, is the assertion that the Confederate Government desires to deprive the United States of the free navigation of the Western rivers, although the truth is that the Confederate Congress by public act prior to the commencement of the war enacted that "the peaceful navigation of the Mississippi river is hereby declared free to the citizens of any of the States upon its borders or upon the borders of its tributaries"—a declaration to which our government has always been and is still ready to adhere.

From these declarations, people of the North west, it is made manifest that by the invasion of our territories by land and from sea, we have been unwillingly forced into a war of self-defence, and to vindicate a great principle once dear to all Americans, to-wit: that no people can be rightly governed except by their own consent. *We desire peace now.* We desire to see a stop put to a useless and cruel effusion of blood, and that waste of national wealth rapidly leading to, and sure to end in, national bankruptcy. We are, therefore, now, as ever, ready to treat with the United States, or any one or more of them, upon terms of mutual justice and liberality. And at this juncture, when our arms have been successful on many hard fought fields; when our people have exhibited a constancy, a fortitude, and a courage worthy of the boon of self-government—we restrict ourselves to the same moderate demand that we made at the darkest period of our reverses—the demand that the people of the United States cease to war upon us, and permit us in peace to pursue our path to happiness, while they in peace pursue theirs.

We are, however, debarred from the renewal of former proposals for peace, because the relentless spirit that actuates the Government at Washington leaves us no reason to expect that they would be received with the respect naturally due by nations in their intercourse, whether in peace or war. It is under these circumstances that we are driven to protect our own country by transferring the seat of war to that of an enemy who pursues us with an implacable and apparently aimless hostility. If the war must continue its theatre must be changed, and with it the policy that has heretofore kept us on the defensive on our own soil. So far it is only our fields that have been laid waste, our people killed,

our homes made desolate, and our frontiers ravaged by rapine and murder. The sacred right of self-defence demands that henceforth some of the consequences of the war shall fall upon those who persist in their refusal to make peace. With the people of the Northwest rests the power to put an end to the invasion of their homes; for if unable to prevail upon the Government of the United States to conclude a general peace, their own State governments, in the exercise of their sovereignty, can secure immunity from the desolating effects of warfare on their soil by a separate treaty of peace, which our Government will be ready to conclude on the most just and liberal basis.

The responsibility then rests with you, the people of the Northwest, of continuing an unjust and aggressive warfare upon the people of the Confederate States. And in the name of reason and humanity, I call upon you to pause and reflect what cause of quarrel so bloody have you against these States, and what are you to gain by it? Nature has set her seal upon these States, and marked them out to be your friends and allies. She has bound them to you by all the ties of geographical contiguity and conformation, and the great mutual interest of commerce and productions. When the passions of this unnatural war shall have subsided, and reason resumes her sway, a community of interest will force commercial and social coalition between the great grain and stock growing States of the Northwest, and the Cotton, tobacco, and sugar regions of the South. The Mississippi river is a grand artery of their mutual national lives which men cannot sever, and which never ought to have been suffered to be disturbed by the antagonisms, the cupidity, and the bigotry of New England and the East. It is from the East that have come the germs of this bloody and most unnatural strife.

It is from the meddlesome, grasping and fanatical disposition of the same people who have imposed upon you and us alike those tariffs, internal improvement and fishing bounty laws, whereby we have been taxed for their aggrandizement. It is from the East that will come the tax gatherer to collect from you the mighty debt which is being amassed mountain high for the purpose of ruining your best customers and natural friends. When this war ends the same antagonism of interest, policy, and feeling which have been pressed upon us from the East, and forced us from a political union, when we had ceased to find safety for our interests, or respects for our

rights will bear down upon you, and separate you from a people whose traditional policy it is to live by their wits upon the labor of their neighbors. Meantime you are being used by them to fight the battle of emancipation—a battle which, if successful, destroys your prosperity, and with it your best markets to buy and sell. Our mutual dependence is the work of the Creator. With our peculiar productions, convertible into gold, we should, in a state of peace, draw from you largely the products of your labor.

In us of the South, you will find rich and willing customers; in the East you must confront rivals in productions and trade, and the tax gatherer in all the forms of partial legislation. You are blindly following abolitionism to this end, while they are nicely calculating the gain of obtaining your trade on terms that would impoverish your country. You say you are fighting for the free navigation of the Mississippi. It is yours freely and has always been, without striking a blow. You say you are fighting to maintain the Union. That Union is a thing of the past. A Union of consent was the only Union ever worth a drop of blood. When force came to be substituted for consent, and the constitutional jewel of your patriotic adoration was forever gone.

I come, then, to you with the olive branch of peace, and offer it to your acceptance in the name of memories of the past, and the ties of the present and future. With you remains the responsibility and the option of continuing a cruel and wasting war, which can only end after still greater sacrifice in such treaty of peace as we now offer; or of preserving the blessings of peace by the simple abandonment of the design of subjugating a people over whom no right of dominion has been conferred on you by God or man.

BRAXTON BRAGG, General C. S. A.

NOBLE GENEROSITY.

The following correspondence gives the particulars of one of the most touching, and probably the most liberal, of the many benefactions which have mitigated the distresses of the present war. It is from a battalion and a regiment of the Missouri army; the sum contributed is no less than *four thousand seven hundred dollars*; and it is sent to aid in relieving the suffering and promoting the comfort of the soldiers who were wounded in the late battles before Richmond.

In some respects the soldiers of Price's glorious Missouri army are the last from whom such a contribution would have been expected. The extraordinary hardships through which they have passed, their isolation from home and friends and property, and their own pressing necessities, might well be supposed to have clipped the wings of their sympathy for others, and bid them think only of taking care of themselves. It certainly was not to be expected that their charity would stretch out its arm from the Mississippi to the Atlantic border, and that the hospitals of Richmond should be cheered by their bounties.

Those who would thus reason, however, forget that beautiful law of our nature, so abundantly illustrated in this war, in virtue of which deeds of generosity and self-denial and self-sacrifice, foster the growth and promote the further development of these holy virtues. It is not from the curmudgeon who has seldom or never unlocked his pocket at the appeal of distress, that charity is to be expected; but rather from him whose life has been a series of generous benefactions. And it is precisely from those, who in this war, have made most sacrifices, have left home and property, joined the army, endured the fatigue of many a weary march and periled life amid the dangers of the furious combat, that the most outgushing and wholesouled liberality has proceeded. They have been ennobled by their sacrifices, and these are the evidences!

Applying this rule, this surpassing liberality of the Missouri soldiers is not to be wondered at, though it is to be greatly applauded and admired. What soldiers have endured and done and dared, as Price's noble band? In rapid advance and in distressing retreat, in the wrenching of bloody victories from superior armies of the enemy, in hunger and cold and naked-

ness and exile, none have surpassed if any have equalled these varied experiences of the Missouri army. They have shown a fortitude, a courage, and a prowess, rarely paralleled on the page of history. It is meet and natural indeed, that from such men a tribute should come to soldiers so worthy as the wounded heroes of the Chicahominy; but to these last it must be an uncommon pleasure to receive it from such a source. It is *indeed* an honor when Price's veterans, some of them almost without shoes to their feet, have found a pleasure in paying them so noble a compliment, and sending them such proofs of a generous sympathy.

Let the Missourians and their gallant State *be remembered* for this! Let the whole Confederacy honor them for it, and return all their fraternal generosity a thousand fold!

HEADQUARTERS ERWIN'S BATTALION,
THIRD BRIGADE, FIRST DIVISION, ARMY OF THE WEST, }
Out on Post duty, July 4, 1862. }

Sir: The officers and soldiers of my Battalion, sympathizing with their "brethren in arms" who have been wounded in the late engagement near Richmond, Virginia, wishing to offer some substantial proof of their sympathy, have chosen this day as one particularly adapted to make an offering for their benefit.

They have selected you, sir, to bear this humble fourth of July offering (\$2,350) to Richmond, and there place it in the hands of the President of the society called the "Southern Matrons," who will apply it to the purpose for which it was intended; and to express to her, and those ministering angels who have so nobly assisted her in relieving and soothing the sufferings of so many whom the fortunes of war have placed under their hands, our unqualified admiration for deeds of self-sacrifice which have shed additional lustre upon a name already hallowed by associations and recollections calculated to inspire the wildest enthusiasm in the breast of the soldier.

You will also express to the President of the society the deep and heartfelt sympathy we feel for the suffering soldiers and the pride inspired by the manner with which they have acquitted themselves in that and all other engagements in which they have been participants since the commencement of the revolution.

Enclosed you will find subscription list, with the names of the donors attached and the amounts subscribed by each.

I have the honor to be,

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

EUGENE ERWIN.

Lieut. Col. Com'g Bat. Mt'd Con. Vols.
To REV. JOHN R. BENNETT, Chaplain 3rd brigade.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE WEST,
Camp at Princeville, Miss.,
July 14, 1862.

REV. JOHN R. BENNETT:

Dear Sir: You will see from the accompanying letter, addressed to me by Col. E. Gates, that the officers and men of his, the 1st Regiment of Missouri Cavalry, have requested me to transmit to Richmond two thousand three hundred and fifty dollars which they have contributed for the relief of the Southern soldiers who were wounded in the late battle before Richmond. As the officers and men of Lieut. Col. Erwin's Battalion of Missouri Infantry have delegated you to bear to Richmond a like sum, which they, too, have contributed for the same object, I must ask that you will be the bearer also of the contribution made by Col. Gates' regiment, and that you will hand it over to those who will expend it in such a way, as to accomplish most fully the kind purposes of the givers.

This generous act of these veteran troops, nearly all who fought under me in the arduous campaign in Missouri, and participated of all its glorious victories, is but another proof of the exalted patriotism and wide reaching sympathy and fraternity which distinguish our Southern soldiers, and which prove that they will faithfully stand by one another until the independence of every one of the Southern States shall have been established.

I am, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

STERLING PRICE,

Major-General Commanding.

HEADQUARTERS 1ST CAVALRY, 1ST BRIGADE,
ARMY OF THE WEST,
Princeville, July 12, 1862.

MAJ. GEN. S. PRICE:

Dear Sir: The officers and men of the Missouri Cavalry having a lively appreciation of the gallantry and fortitude of our brothers in arms before Richmond, and not being able to share with them the dangers and glory of driving the invader from before our capital, desire through you to give some material of their gratitude to, and consideration for, those who were so unfortunate as to receive wounds in the late glorious conflict. You will be pleased to receive here-with and transmit in such manner as may seem best to you, to such parties in Richmond as your judgment may suggest, the sum of \$2,350 for the purpose indicated.

(Signed)

ELIJAH GATES,

Col. Com. 1st Missouri Cavalry Regiment.

RICHMOND, V.A., July 26, 1862.

COL. WM. P. MUNFORD: *Dear Sir:* The annexed correspondence will explain my mission to this city:

Finding, after diligent enquiry, no such association as the "Southern Matrons," and, believing that the Young Men's Christian Association was acting in conjunction with the Ladies' Soldiers' Aid Society, for the proper distribution of funds for the relief of our sick and wounded soldiers, I have determined to place the amount contributed by Col., Erwir's Battallion and Col. Gates' Regiment in your hands, feeling assured, from what I have learned of the zeal and fidelity of your association in connection with the Ladies of the Soldiers' Aid Society, that this gift of the generous donors will be faithfully and successfully applied for the relief of our suffering fellow-soldiers.

Permit, me, sir, to tender, through you, to all the gallant men who fought in the battles in front of this city, and who shall hereafter bear the proofs of their valor in honorable scars, the sincere sympathy of their comrades of the Missouri army; and to assure them that it would have given us no less pleasure to have shared with them the perils and the glory of defending the Capital, than it does now in seeking, by this humble offering, to remind them that we are one with them in the cause of our whole country, and that the soldiers of the Western Army feel most deeply for them in their present sufferings.

Yours, most respectfully,

JOHN R. BENNETT.

DEPOT ARMY COMMITTEE Y. M. C. A.
AND LADIES' SOLDIERS' AID SOCIETY,
Richmond, July 26th, 1862.

REV. JOHN R. BENNETT:

Dear Sir: I have received your favor of this date, with the sum of four thousand seven hundred dollars, contributed by the Western Army for the relief of the gallant soldiers who were wounded in the recent battles for the defence of this city. It will afford our association much pleasure, in conjunction with the Soldiers' Aid Society, to apply this fund to the best advantage, in accordance with the wishes of the generous contributors.

The valor and generosity of our soldiers, seconded by the benevolence of the ladies and the justice of our cause, will, I trust, through the blessing of Providence, soon secure the independence of the Confederate States.

Yours respectfully,

W. M. P. MUNFORD, Chairman.

Richmond (Va.) Enquirer.



OUR DUTY TO THE SOLDIER.

The sun shines in unclouded brightness upon the cause of the South. The skill of our Generals and the valor of our soldiers have been most brilliantly manifested. Twenty-eight battles have been fought in the last three months, and out of twenty-six of them we have come forth victors, and in the numerous lesser engagements that have taken place during that period we have shown ourselves superior to the foe in all the elements that constitute the soldier.

Several of these conflicts have been of momentous importance. The evils they delivered us from were of the most terrible nature, and the heart grows sick in the contemplation of the woes the bloody and vindictive enemy would have visited upon us. All the benefits these signal successes have secured are not so manifest. They have refreshed our spirits, excited our hopes, confirmed our resolve, animated our vigor, fired our zeal; and besides these moral effects, they have diminished the discomforts and privations of the men who compose our army, and made our victorious legions the more efficient and formidable. But the consequence of these

glorious results in the wider circle of their influence is matter for conjecture and speculation. We accept with profound gratitude and exultant joy the fruits these victories have yielded, and await with patience grounded on reasonable hope, the bestowal of the greater benefits and blessings the future may contain. In comparison with the remoter effects these splendid victories may produce, the results we are at present rejoicing over may be as the light of the stars to that of the sun, as the rill to the mighty river.

Though we may discover that we have overrated the importance of these victories so far as their future effects are concerned, if we fail to realize the hopes they have given rise to, the disappointment will not be owing to any lack of vigilance and energy on the part of our Generals, or to the failure of the men under their command to come up to the full measure of their arduous and dangerous duties. Our army has already done enough to entitle it to the praise and gratitude of the country. We cannot overrate the debt of obligations we are under to these able, brave, and noble men. Their sublime fortitude, their heroic valor, immovable firmness, untiring energy, boundless confidence, prompt and cheerful obedience, have made their names a pride and a glory, and reflected undying renown upon the infant Confederacy.

It is not by pouring forth upon them the fragrant ointment of praise, by lauding their courage and resolution, we show our appreciation of their great services, and give expression to our gratitude. We must do this, but if we do this and nothing more, we fall far below the requirements of our duty to them, to the country, and the cause. Our applause refreshes their energies, strengthens their heroic souls, makes their courage the more firm and the more dashing, and is most wholesome in its effects upon their spirits, but these pleasing words do not lighten the burden of their hardships, or furnish them with any substantial comfort. We should do more than rejoice in their achievements and glory in their gallantry and courage. Those noble men have undergone toils, and sacrifices, and sufferings, that have put their patriotism to the severest test. Since Spring those who fought the battles in whose issue we are now exulting, have not known the luxury of a tent, and have subsisted on the coarsest fare in scanty measure, and thousands are barefooted and in rags. They have labored night and day with the spade

and shovel, and long marches, and often gone into battle hungry and weary, with blistered and bleeding feet.

Under the most favorable circumstances they must needs be subjected to many discomforts and hardships, but we should see to it that they are not required to endure greater evils than the necessities of the case make unavoidable. We must administer to them our abundance, and even deny ourselves accustomed blessings, that we may mitigate the hardness of their lot. We can do a great deal, and it is our bounden duty to do our utmost. The praise we delight in bestowing upon their bravery and spirit will be infinitely more grateful if accompanied with some comfort for the physical man. The leaves have begun to fall and in a short time the air will grow raw and frosty. They need warm and comfortable clothing; let us address ourselves to the good work of supplying these wants. By providing for their bodies we shall make them more strong for toil, better enabled to bear exposure, less liable to disease, and more terrible to the foe.

We expect them to perform great achievements. They are making stupendous exertions. The successes that have rewarded their energy and valor have opened before them a new road to glorious deeds. We, too, should bestir ourselves and give convincing and timely evidence of our gratefnl appreciation of their bravery and resolution. Let us perform our duty to these champions of liberty, in the same spirit that marks their obedience and fortitude and valor, and the work we do for them, the sacrifices we make for their comfort, will redound to the good of the cause in which we have embarked our all.—*Charleston Courier, Sept., 1862.*

SYMPATHY.

The great secret of human happiness is human sympathy. Can a man live without it? Such life would not be living. The oft-quoted author of "Leaves of Grass" in one of his expressive lines says—

"He who goes a furlong without sympathy
Walks to his own funeral, dressed in his shroud."

It is about so. We cannot truly enjoy anything alone. We must at least carry our friends, memories, and hopes in our hearts, to render solitude endurable. The man who detaches

himself from the chain of human sympathy, even to pray, worships a false God. To pray for one's self alone implies a devilish egotism, and is mere mockery. Love is the soul of religion ; and love is but another name for sympathy.

Selfishness is its own worst enemy. If you keep your good fortune all to yourself, you turn it into ill fortune. But share a blessing with another, and it is increased four-fold. Open your heart, and it grows larger ; but lock it up, and it shrivels like a windfall pippin. Your own instinct teaches you this. If you have good tidings, you hasten to tell them. If you are unfortunate, nothing is so sweet to you as the consolation of a friend. If you are ill, what music in the voice at your bedside, how beautifully the loving face shines upon you ! If you have found some pure sources of happiness, you are not fully content till you have led others to the fountain. What you enjoy, you desire to impart to your friends. You want others to appreciate the beauties of the poems you admire, the picture you have studied, the landscape that delights you. If you are honored, the satisfaction is in feeling that some one you love or reverence is aware of your acquisition. The true ambition for wealth seeks it but as a means for impressing the hearts and imaginations of men. You wish to be loved, esteemed, or to do good, through your riches. In short, a sub-stratum of sympathy will be found to underlie every true ambition, all happiness. It is the perversion of this instinct into a love of selfish gratification and power, that results in meanness, misery, and crime.
—*Southern Illustrated News.*

OUR NEW STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

The patriotic song of the Star Spangled Banner is a Southern production and belongs to us.

Let us sing of our stars in a new constellation. Our birth-right they will shield from a barbarous nation. Let every Southern patriot read the following with grateful remembrance to the honor of Francis S. Key.

H. W. R. J.

[FOR THE RICHMOND WHIG.]

To the Committees of Congress on the Confederate Flag :

I respectfully submit for your selection two designs for our Confederate flag, each of which is *studded over with stars* to represent the true "Star-Spangled Banner" of the glorious old ballad, composed by that whole-souled Southerner and Slave holder, Francis S. Key, whose utter contempt of the Yankee character was so admirably expressed in his terse definition of the genus Yankee as being "in commerce a cheat—in politics a snake—in religion a hypocrite. To allow the swindling Yankees to filch from us this grand *Southern* ballad and its appropriate flag would amount to a dereliction of duty to the noble dead. The indignant spirit of the departed author would rise up to protest against the sacrilege. I therefore implore you to rescue from the unhallowed grasp of the Yankees these long cherished stanzas by adopting some standard to whose folds they may be appropriately applied. The South should never allow the Yankees to usurp either that ballad or its corresponding banner. The flag of the Yankee is most properly the despotic flag of the *stripes*, whilst that of the South is the *Banner of the Stars*.

"When clouds of oppression o'er shaded
 The Banner that Liberty bore,
 The stars from its galaxy faded,
 The day of its splendor was o'er.
 Those stars in a new constellation.
 The sky of the South now adorn,
 And proclaim to each civilized nation
 That Freedom's true Banner is born."

Then, indeed, may be sounded, in truth and sincerity, that noble refrain—

"The star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

In the first design presented, the field is blue, with a diagonal cross of stars equal in number to the Confederate States; the union is red, with a circle of stars, also equal in number to our Confederate States. In the second design, the field is red, with a simple (or straight) cross of stars conforming in number to the Confederate States ; the diagonal cross is blue, studded with stars, also equal in number to our States.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

LEWIS CUIGER, of S. C.

A PATRIOTIC SONG FROM ACROSS THE WATERS.

We have been favored with a copy of the following beautiful soul-stirring lines from the pen of Mrs. Ellen Key Blunt, daughter of the late Francis Key, the well known author of the "Star Spangled Banner," to whom and his song a touching allusion is made in the second stanza. Accompanying the lines is a model of a national flag, in which thirteen stars, equal to the number of the thirteen States, are arranged in the form of a cross on a blue ground, the red and white bars being disposed at as present:

THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

In the name of God! Amen!
 Stand for our southern rights!
 Over ye, Southern men,
 The God of Battles fights!
 Fling the invaders far,
 Hurl back their work of woe;
 The voice is the voice of a brother,
 But the hands are the hands of a foe.
 They come with a trampling army,
 Invading our native sod—
 Stand Southerns! fight and conquer!
 In the name of the Mighty God!

They're singing our song of triumph,
 Which was made to make us free,
 While they're breaking away the heart-strings
 Of our Nation's harmony.
 Sadly it floateth from us,
 Sighing o'er land and wave,
 Till mute on the lips of the Poet;
 It sleeps in his Southern grave.
 Spirit and Song departed!
 Minstrel and minstrelsy!
 We mourn thee, heavy hearted,
 But we will, we shall be free!

They are waving our flag above us
 With a despot's tyrant will;
 With our blood they have stained its colors,
 And call it holy still.
 With tearful eyes, but steady hand,
 We'll tear its stripes apart,
 And fling them like broken fetters
 That may not bind the heart.
 But we'll save our stars of glory,
 In the might of the sacred sign
 Of Him who has fixed forever
 Our Southern cross to shine.

Stand, Southerns! stand and conquer!
 Solemn and strong and sure!
 The strife shall not be longer
 Than God shall bid endure.
 By the life which only yesterday
 Came with the Infant's breath!
 By the feet which 'ere the morn may
 Tread to the Soldier's death!
 By the blood which cries to Heaven!
 Crimson upon our Sod!
 Stand, Southerns! stand and conquer!
 In the name of the Mighty God!

To his Excellency President Davis,

From his fellow citizens,

ELLEN KEY BLUNT.

J. T. MAYSON BLUNT.

Of Maryland and Virginia.

Paris, 1862.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE NORTH.

—o—
 BY J. H. F.
 —o—

The South must be subjugated: its products are essential to our prosperity: our laws must be enforced over them at every hazard; if the people will not submit they must be exterminated; ravage and desolate their country; let fire, the sword, and poison do their worst; leave them no hope; permit no service in their churches, unless they pray as we dictate.—*Northern Doctrines from Northern Papers.*

Hear ye the Federals' taunting tread,
 Oh, people of this Southern land:
 And is there one among you yet
 Would join with theirs your hand?
 "Southrons bow down," the Northmen say,
 And tribute to us bring,
 Fear ye the might we now display
 And know us for your King.

"We are the masters, you the slaves,
 Our bidding you must do;
 That which the North as Sovereign craves
 Though sore ye Southrons rue,
 Must yet be done, or we will bring
 The poison and the rope,
 And round all Southron homes will fling
 A fear that has no hope.

"We want the products of your soil
 The labor of your hands:
 Then forth, and dig and delve and toil—
 Obey ye our commands!
 And ye may live that groveling life
 The Northern poor now wear;
 A long continued, struggling strife
 'Twixt hope and wild despair

"And if ye look to Heaven above
 For help from the Most High,
 Beseech not of that God of Love
 Heart thoughts to sanctify,
 For ye might ask of Him to bless
 Your cause, your hope, and aim,
 Therefore 'pray not to Him, unless
 With lying heart and shame.'"

Mississippian.

(*From the Richmond Whig.*)

THE BATTLE OF SHILOH.

BY MRS. MARY S. WHITAKER.

On Shiloh's field opposing armies stand,
 One to invade—one to defend our land—
 Presumptuous those, urged on by ruthless hate,
 Those, in a holy cause, resolved and great.

A war-cry rends the air with deafening sound,
 As dread artillery's lightning flashes round,
 Dark battle-clouds obscure the light of day,
 And fiery steeds rush headlong to the fray.

Proudly they tread—that gallant Southern host,
 Forth marshalled there from mountain, grove and coast,
 Their hearts beat high, they thunder on the foe,
 And, like a whirlwind, to the conflict go!

Fierce grows the fight! On, Southrons! Charge amain!
 Victorious floats your banner o'er the slain!
 They waver—they retreat—the Vandals fly—
 Exultant shouts rise frequent to the sky!

Our cup of joy is drugged with bitter grief,
 As midst the foe, on rides our hero chief;
 But pale his visage, and a crimson tide,
 Wells slowly forth adown his courser's side.

Eternal shadows darken o'er the eye,
 Whose soul-lit glance led on to victory;
 The clarion voice is mute which ruled the bold,
 The lion heart is pulseless now and cold.

On victory's bright breast he laid his head,
 Her shining arms enfold the warrior dead;
 A grateful South shall long her loss deplore,
 And Johnston's name be honored evermore!

OH! WEEP NOT FOR THE SOLDIER LAD.

Written in memory of Sergeant John H. Breckinridge, who fell in the in the Battle of the Seven Pines, at the post of danger, while defending his beloved country. He died in the 17th year of his age.

Oh! weep not for the soldier lad,
 Though lowly is his bed,
 And Death has cast his chilling dews
 About his fair young head.
 He fell as brave men seek to fall,
 'Twas foremost in the fight.—
 The shot were falling thick and fast,—
 The battle at its height.
 He fell—but sisters blest him.
 And mothers breathed his name,
 As if 'twere hallowed in their hearts,
 Though all unknown to fame;
 And aged men did reverence him,
 As o'er the bier they stood,
 For the priceless boon to Freedom given.—
 This young heart's noble blood.

He fell, while shouts of victory
 Rang loud o'er hill and plain—
 Oh! welcome sound! He e'en forgot
 His agony of pain.
 He e'en forgot that life's pure stream
 Was ebbing fast away,
 And whilst yet in its dawning,
 He saw the close of day.
 For the dastard foe had faltered,
 And our own, our brave men stood,
 To make a barrier of their forms—
 A river of their blood;—
 And louder, wilder grew the shout,
 As on the foe they pressed,
 Though many a soldier fell like ours,
 A death-shot in his breast.

He fell!—but oh, rich legacy!
 Gave to his country dear—
 A life, young, brave, unspotted—
 Yea, unshadowed by a care.
 'Twas not Ambition led the way;
 Too young to dream of fame,
 He sought not on the battle-field,
 To win himself a name.
 But the noble, patriot heart that beat,
 Within that bosom brave,
 Could never yield to Tyranny;
 'Twas thus he found his grave—
 'Twas thus he gave up all of life,
 Friends, home,—a mother's kiss,—
 A patriot true—can words adorn
 A noble deed like this?

Oh, weep not ! he is marching
 To a country far away,
 He feels no more the burning thirst,
 The noon tide's scorching ray ;
 What though the path mysterious be—
 Mysterious, dark and lone !
 'Tis the same path our Savior trod,
 The soldier lad hath gone.
 No martial music greets him,
 No camp-fire burning nigh,
 But a star is shining in the East,
 'Tis there he turns his eye ;
 And ere his earthly toils are o'er,
 Or life's young chords were riven,
 An angel lingered by his side,
 To point the road to Heaven.

Oh, weep not ! He is marching
 To a country far away,
 Though he seemeth to our mortal eyes,
 A lifeless form of clay.
 Beneath the banner of the cross,
 Methinks I see him now—
 The same sweet smile upon his face,
 A halo on his brow.
 He joins the mighty Conqueror,
 He fadeth from the sight,
 His robes, once soiled and torn, are changed
 For robes of dazzling light ;
 And in the Resurrection morn,
 A soldier still he'll be,
 Faithful, and listening for that sound,
The last Grand Reveille.

Botetourt County.

MELODIA.

The Voices of 1862.

AN AFTER ACT, PERFORMED AT THE AMATEUR CONCERT GIVEN IN GREENVILLE, (ALA.,) JULY 18TH, 1862.

Enter SOUTH CAROLINA..... *Miss A. Porter.*
 Though the Vandal's step pollutes my shore,
 From my burnt and blackened fields
 Rings out the cry I learned of yore:
 Carolina never yields.

Enter FLORIDA,..... *Miss V. Knowles.*
 Florida's sons on Virginia soil,
 Are pouring out their blood ;
 While with breaking hearts, her daughters toil,
 For the noble, brave, and good.

Enter GEORGIA, *Miss C. Oliver.*

Hark! on my mountain and my main,
Does the deafening cannon roar;
But Georgia swears by her heroes slain,
To conquer or live no more.

Enter ALABAMA, *Miss V. De Villiers*

I stand to the pledge I gave, when I swore
With my sisters to live or die.
Alabama's sons and daughters adore,
The God of Truth on high!

Enter MISSISSIPPI, *Miss A. Key.*

Let Shiloh's plain attest my truth,
And Donelson's tale of shame;
How Mississippi can fight, in sooth,
For her rights and her fair fame.

Enter NORTH CAROLINA, *Miss S. Dunklin.*

Though every foot of the old North State,
Should prove a Roanoke disaster,
From the Dan River down to Pamlico,
She'll rebel but the faster and faster.

Enter TENNESSEE, *Miss E. Porter.*

Though a traitor mocks my woe,
Though a brother's hands betray;
Tennessee will ne'er to the foe
Of her soil and her rights give way.

Enter KENTUCKY, *Miss M. Thames*

Kentucky may now to the Vandal quail,
But yet she'll arise in her might,
And tell another and fearful tale,
To pay for that Donelson fight

Enter ARKANSAS, *Miss P. De Villiers*

When all the stars of the Southern cross
Fade in the Southern sky,
Arkansas scarce will count their loss
She'll think, but to conquer or die.

Enter MISSOURI, *Miss E. Oliver.*

From Missouri's turf there will yet arise,
A cry to the God on high,
To avenge her outraged liberties,
And clear her darkened sky.

Enter VIRGINIA, *Miss T. Herbert.*

By the sacred blood they pour
From Southern hearts on me;
By Richmond's fields of yore,
Virginia swears to be free.

Enter LOUISIANA, *Msss M. Dunklin.*

List! From the Crescent City,
Rings out a voice of wail;
The cry of her outraged daughters,
Swells on Louisiana's gale.

Enter TEXAS, *Miss S. Ford.*

Texas has heard that maddening cry;
Butler, foul heart, does she swear,
By the Ranger's hand shall surely die,
While his corse shall the vulture tear.

Enter MARYLAND, *Miss M. Ellsworth.*

Oh! sisters, help for Maryland!
Oh! mother, hear my prayer!
Help for the down-trodden, mourning band,
Who plead your fate to share!

Enter SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY, *Miss P.*

Daughters! whose cry swells on the gale?
'Tis thine, my Maryland.
A mother's love can never fail,
Come! join her peerless band.
Come! live or die with those you love,
Your sisters bid you live;
Their sons will yet in battle prove,
How richly they can give
Freedom to her who'll meekly bear
The tyrant's chains, until
We from her limbs the shackles tear,
And then she'll prove her will
To place her radiant, beaming star
Where glory's arch still shines afar.

[*Charleston Courier.*

STONEWALL JACKSON.

BY THE REV. JOHN C. MC'CAE, D. D., CHAPLAIN CONFEDERATE
STATES ARMY.

I.

There he stands, our brave hero! like "Stonewall" built by the sounding sea,
A tower of strength and a tower of might—a gallant warrior he!
And the waves of a furious oppression break harmless against him there,
For he trusts in the Lord Jehovah's strength, ever, and "instant in prayer."
He leans on the hand of the Mighty One, nor of human prowess boasts—
Aye, his trust is in the conquering arm of the glorious Lord of hosts.

II.

We ask for no brimming beacon light—no Bacchanalian draught to him;
No carved, red wine cup pledged to his "onward" move, sparkling to
the brim—

But, we ask a prayer from each patriot heart when the battle strife
rules wide,
That "God and good Angels," as before, may still fight on our hero's
side;
That He to our "Stonewall" defender, may be both a Tower and Rock,
Meeting the myriad waves of the spoiler, and shivering them in the
shock.

III

His name to us a pillow of light, a wilderness cloud to our foes.
Haunting, and scaring by day and night, from their guilty and short
repose;
His prowess, a terror, invaders to check—a token known full well,
On fields where the cowardly vandals have waved, and faltered—and
fell.
His faith in his God, a Symbol to us that "onward" his march shall be,
'Till those who now pine 'neath a Despot's power, shall like ourselves
be free.*

IV.

And 'round him are gathered true hearts—brave men ready to do or to
die;
And they watch with pride, and with pleasure too, the glance of his
eagle eye,
As the light on his blazing falchion flashes luminous on their gaze,
And reflects its Heavenly brightness, as on musket and brand it plays.
So hurrah for "Old Stonewall Jackson," for the foe have been made to
feel
The shock of his thundering columns—the weight of his glittering steel!

V.

When the madness that rules the hour, and the terror that has its day
Shall have swept with an under-tow to the North, ruin on their stormy
spray:
Leaving wrecks all scattered and stranded, the wrecks of a glorious
past—
Aye, wrecks of a beautiful Union once—a Union that could not last,
Because it was scuttled and broken by those Northmen crafty and base,
Who stranded the gallant ship of State on the shoals of a dark disgrace.

VI.

Those bold men who have stood in the forum and fought on the gory
field,
And battled for truth and for justice, with God for their buckler and
shield,
Shall receive their meed from the nations who shall soon acknowledge
with pride,
The young, the glorious league, for whose life confessors and martyrs
have died;
And no name on that scroll immortal with a brighter lustre shall shine,
And no wreath, "Old" Stonewall Jackson, shall be greener than that
which is thine.

*The people of Maryland.

THE ACTS OF THE LAST SESSION OF CONGRESS.

The following for the year 1862 which we find in the Richmond *Whig* will answer many inquiries as to what Congress did and did not:

THE ARMY.

No. 4—Provides for the organization of army corps, to be commanded by Lieutenant-Generals.

No. 32—Authorizes the President to organize divisions of the provisional army in army corps, and appoint officers to the command thereof.

No. 5—Authorizes the appointment of additional officers of artillery for ordnance duties.

No. 7—Makes it the *duty* of the Secretary of War to transfer any private or non-commissioned officer who may be in a regiment from a State of the Confederacy other than his own, to a regiment from his own State, whenever such private or non-commissioned officer may apply for such transfer, and whenever such transfer can be made without injury to the public service. This act does not apply to any one who has enlisted as a substitute.

No. 26—Authorizes the Secretary of war to furnish transportation whenever he grants transfers agreeable to the act No. 7.

No. 10—Confers rank on officers of the Engineer Corps of the Provisional Army equal to that of the Engineer Corps of the Confederate States Army.

No. 15—Increases the Signal-Corps.

No. 17—Is the new Conscription Act.

No. 25—Extends the provisions of an act approved August 31st, 1862, relative to Adjutants, so as to apply to independent battalions, etc.

No. 30—Provides that claims due to deceased non-commissioned officers and privates for pay, allowances, and bounty, may be audited and paid without requiring the production of a pay-roll from the commanding officer, where there is other official evidence. The other sections of this act provide for the employment of additional Clerks, and otherwise for the prompt settlement of the claims of deceased officers and soldiers.

No. 37—Authorizes the establishment of camps of instruction in the several States, and the appointment of officers to command the same.

No. 38—Requires the Secretary of War to furnish uniform clothing to soldiers, instead of commutation therefor.

No. 42—Provides that all persons subject to enrollment for military service may be enrolled *wherever found*, unless in actual service, without the limits of the State as a member of a military organization under any State law. The President is authorized to suspend this as regards the residents of any locality where it may be impracticable to execute the conscription laws.

No. 43—Provides for the organization of military courts to attend the army in the field. Each court shall consist of three members, to be appointed by the President, and its jurisdiction shall extend to all offences now cognizable by courts marshal, etc.

No. 47—Authorizes the President to accept and place in service regiments or battalions, which were organized prior to 1st October, 1862, although composed in part of persons between the ages of 18 and 35. Also companies, battalions, or regiments of infantry, raised or organized before 1st of December next, in Middle and West Tennessee, or in North Carolina, East of the Wilmington and Weldon railroad—said troops to select their own officers for first election, but all vacancies to be filled by the President.

No. 48—Adds to the Adjutant and Inspector-General's Department one Assistant Adjutant-General with the rank of Colonel.

No. 49—Establishes places of rendezvous for the examination of enrolled men.

No. 51—Provides for raising forces in the States of Missouri and Kentucky.

No. 55—Secures to the soldiers who shall have entered the army for three years or the war, the bounty granted by act of December 14th, 1861, although he may have been killed in battle, died, or been honorably discharged before the expiration of the first year's service of his term.

No. 53—Is the "exemption act."

No. 63—Allows to cadets in the service of the C. S., the same pay as Second Lieutenants of the arm of service to which they are attached.

No. 65—Provides for relieving the army of disqualified, disabled, and incompetent officers. The 1st section authorizes the General Commanding a department to appoint an Ex-

amining Board to inquire into and determine the qualifications of officers brought to their attention. The second section provides that whenever the Board shall determine that any officer is clearly unfit to perform his legitimate and proper duties, or *careless and inattentive* in their discharge, they shall report their decision to the General, who is authorized to suspend said officer, and directed to transmit the decision, etc., to the Secretary of War, under the 3d section, the Secretary, if he approve the finding of the Board and the action of the General, shall lay the same before the President, who is authorized to retire honorably without pay, or drop from the army, the officer who has been found unfit for his position. The 4th and 5th section relate to filling vacancies.

No. 7—Authorizes the granting of medals and badges of distinction as a reward for courage and good conduct in the field of battle.

No. 72—Authorizes any number of persons not less than twenty, who are not liable to military duty, to associate themselves as a military company for local defence, elect their own officers, etc., and shall be considered as belonging to the Provisional Army, serving without pay, and entitled, when captured by the enemy, to all the privileges of prisoners of war. The muster rolls of such companies are to be forwarded to the Secretary of War and the President, or the commander of the military district may, at any time, disband such companies, etc.

No. 73—Authorizes the President to appoint twenty General officers in the Provisional army, and to assign to them such appropriate duties as he may deem expedient.

THE NAVY.

No. 6—Authorizes the issue of 3,500,000 bonds to meet a contract made by the Secretary of the Navy for six iron-clad vessels of war and six steam engines and boilers complete, to be constructed abroad.

No. 11—Increases the number of non-commissioned officers and musicians in the marine Corps.

No. 15—Determines the pay of the Engineer-in-Chief and Passed Assistant Surgeons of the Army.

No. 29—Authorizes persons subject to conscription to enlist in the navy and marine corps, and increases the pay of sailors and marines \$4 per month.

No. 57—Authorizes the appointment of three naval store keepers.

FINANCIAL.

No. 8—Authorizes the issue of such additional amount of bonds, certificates of stock, and Treasury notes as may be required to pay the appropriations made by Congress at its last and present session. Also, extends the authority to issue reconvertible bonds or certificates in exchange for Treasury notes from \$50,000,000 to \$100,000,000. Also, authorizes the payment of interest annually on all interest-bearing Treasury notes, and authorizes the extension of the issue of Treasury notes under the denomination of \$5 to the amount of \$10,000,000.

No. 67—Provides that Treasury notes issued after 1st of December next shall be fundable only in bonds bearing interest at the rate of seven per cent. Notes issued prior to that date and those now in circulation may be funded within six months after public notice in eight per cent bonds, thereafter in seven per cent bonds.

POSTAL AFFAIRS.

No. 13—Provides for the payment of sums ascertained to be due for postal service rendered under contracts made by the United States Government before the Confederate States Government took charge of such service.

No. 35—Authorizes the Postmaster General to employ special agents to superintend and secure the certain and speedy transportation of the mails across the Mississippi river at such points as may be found practicable.

No. 60—Establishes various post routes therein named.

JUDICIAL.

No. 21—Divides the State of Texas into two Judicial Districts, and provides for the appointment of Judges and officers in the same.

No. 34—Authorizes the Judges of District Courts to change the place of holding court in certain cases.

TREASURY NOTES.

No. 13—Authorizes the Secretary of the Treasury to offer a reward not to exceed \$5,000 for the apprehension and conviction of any person engaged in foreign or uttering counterfeit Treasury notes.

No. 58—Provides that any person in the service of or adhering to the enemy, who shall pass or offer to pass or dis-

pose of spurious or counterfeit notes, purporting to be Treasury notes of this Government, shall, if captured, be put to death by hanging, and every commissioned officer of the enemy who shall permit any offence mentioned in this act by any person under his authority, shall also be hung.

RESOLUTIONS OF THANKS.

No. 1—To Captain Raphael Semmes, officers and crew of the steamer Sumter, for gallant and intrepid services.

No. 3—To commander E. Farrand, Captain A. Drewry, and officers and men under their command, for the victory at Drewry's Bluff.

No. 28—To Lieutenant I. N. Brown, and all under his command, for their skill and gallantry in the engagement of the "Arkansas" with the enemy's fleet near Vicksburg.

SICK AND WOUNDED SOLDIERS.

No. 20—This is an important act, entitled "an act to better provide for the sick and wounded of the army in hospitals," which if enforced and carried out, would silence many of the complaints in regard to the treatment of sick and wounded soldiers in and out of hospitals. The first section fixes the commutation value of rations of sick and disabled soldiers in the hospitals at one dollar, which shall constitute the hospital fund, for the purchase of supplies—any excess over \$5,000 to be paid into the Confederate States Treasury. The second section directs the Secretary of War to make contracts for the speedy transportation of supplies purchased for hospitals, or donated by individuals; societies, or States, etc. The 3d section allows to each hospital suits of clothing (shirts, pantaloons, and drawers,) equal to the number of beds in the hospital, for the use of the sick while in the hospital. The 4th section allows two matrons-in-chief, two assistant matrons, and two other matrons, for each ward in every hospital, and prescribes their pay, respective duties. [Every matron so employed should be furnished with a copy of this act.] The surgeon or assistant surgeon in charge of an hospital is authorized to employ such other nurses (giving preference to females) as may be necessary to the proper care and attention of the sick. The 5th section provides for accommodating in the same hospital, as far as practicable, all sick and wounded soldiers from any particular State—the several hospitals to be numbered and designated for that

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